JOHN BULL, APRIL 26, 1930
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1245.
Vol. XLVII.

WEAK, NERVY, RUN-DOWN

Beware of that feeling of 'jumpiness' and listlessness. You may think it is nothing—that it will soon pass off. But it is a sign that you are Run-down. And such a condition often leads to more serious and chronic ailments. You need a tonic. You must have Wincarnis. For over forty years Wincarnis has been recognised as the ideal tonic for those who are Weak, Nervy, Run-down. That is because it contains Beef Extract, the Juice of the Grape, Vitamin Malt Extract, and a wonderful Hypophosphite Nerve Tonic. These are the very things you need to restore you to perfect health. You know Wincarnis does you good because you feel its benefits right from the very start. No need to wait for results with Wincarnis. It creates new, rich blood, brings natural, refreshing sleep, gives new energy. Start taking Wincarnis to-day—you will then be on the high road to perfect health again.

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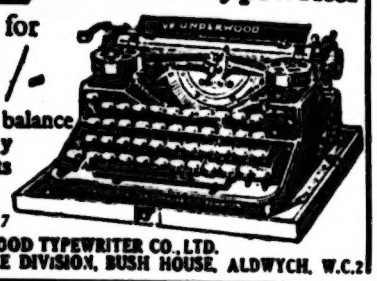

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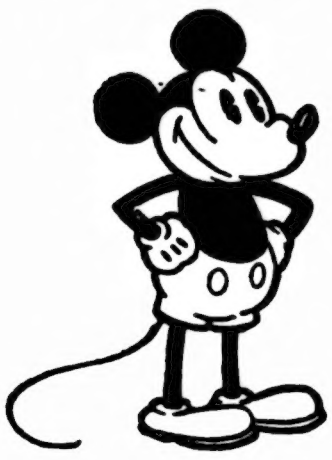

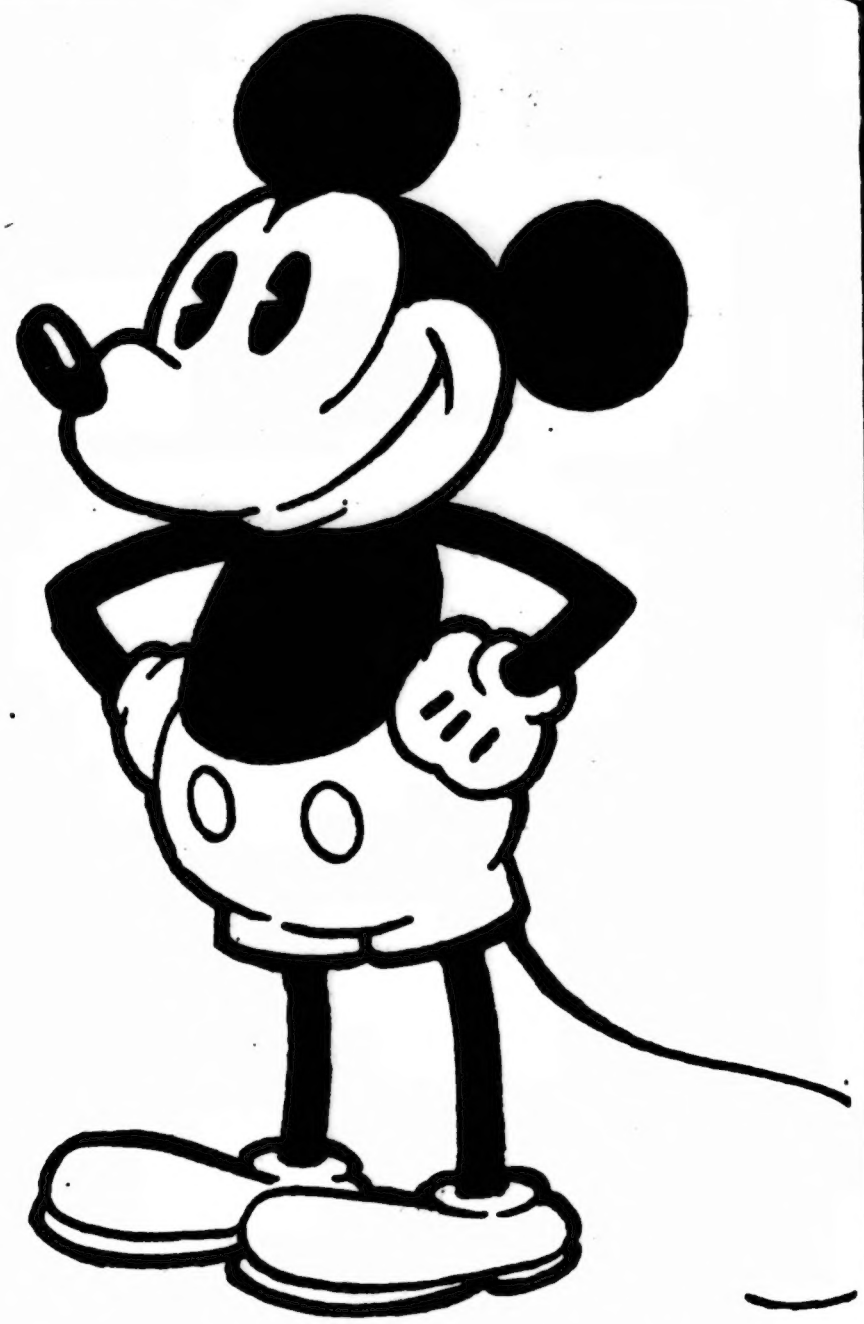

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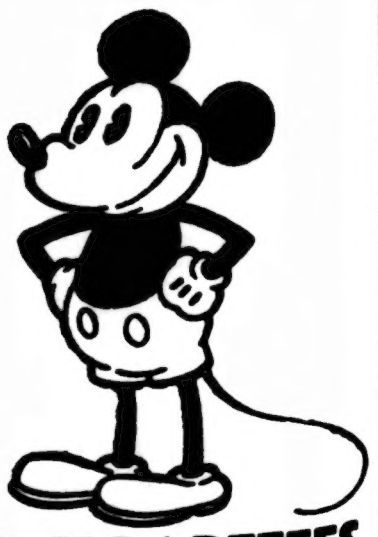

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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Where Mr. Snowden Disappoints

Two New Tax Wriggles

C.I.D. Tragi-Comedy

WE are bitterly disappointed with Mr. Snowden. His dodging of the land-tax in the Budget showed a lamentable want of pluck. He has been a land-taxer all his life—until now!

Direct income-tax can usually be passed on, except by the salaried man who can least afford to pay it. A land-tax cannot be passed on.

Mr Snowden has promised a valuation. He ought to have legislated first, and thought of valuation afterwards.

But why an expensive State valuation at all? If a gigantic concern like Lever Bros. can produce a detailed and accurate balance-sheet for income-tax purposes, why cannot the big landlords?

• • •

One Labour M.P., Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, has protested that Mr. Snowden has run away from his often-declared principles on land-taxation.

We hope he will carry his protest to the House of Commons. One way to do it would be by moving a reduction of the Chancellor's salary.

A gargantuan bilk

Mr. Henderson will shortly be talking to the Soviet Ambassador about the debts question. We hope that he will make a new effort to obtain a funding of Russia's war-debt to Great Britain.

• • •

In his Treasury ledgers Mr. Snowden has an ugly entry, which shows that on March 31 the capital sum owing by Russia to this country on account of war debt was £962,615,000.

If this sum were scaled down as in the cases of France and Italy, and legitimate counter-claims deducted, Russia might discharge her liability over a reasonable period without crippling herself.

Lying idle

A certain unobtrusive Government committee is now sitting. No one ever hears anything about it. We forecast, however, that its report will be very interesting.

It is "to examine the possible liberation and disposal of State-owned property which may not be required for Government purposes."

Much valuable and idle property still remains in departmental hands which could be profitably used. Liberated and economically developed, it should bring the State considerable profit.

Another wriggle

Certain insurance brokers are already trying to outwit the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget plans for preventing income-tax evasion through single-premium policies.

The plan is to arrange for loans on insurance policies which, while they contain more generous insurance provisions than the old single-premium policies which are being stopped, enable a considerable saving to be made on surtax.

The reputable insurance companies will refuse any business the main object of which is not insurance, but tax-evasion.

Short circuit

The Government's attention will be directed to the number of electricity distributing companies which have capitalised their undistributed profits during the past two years.

During the same period it will be revealed that little or no reduction in the maximum charges for electricity has taken place.

The distributors must watch for a "short."

Drop that pose

Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, has at last broken his traditional silence.

When the Bankers' Industrial Development Company was formed last week he actually called members of the Press for a conference, and asked them to assist him in putting the idea over to the public.

This is a good sign. It indicates that Mr. Norman at last realised that the public has some right to know what the Bank of England is doing.

We hope he will not stop there. His pose of mystery has done infinitely more harm than good in the past.

Why always blue?

Sir George Penny, M.P. for Kingston, thinks that when a policeman leaves off his uniform he should be able to forget occasionally that he belongs to the Force.

He has pity on the Peeler

He proposes to ask Mr. Clynes, the Home Secretary, if he will allow police-officers, when off duty and not in uniform, to enter public-houses in their own districts.

Mr. Clynes will probably be somewhat canny in his answer, but he should realise that we are suffering too much from old-fashioned inhibitions and prohibitions.

The same sort of idea makes a bank clerk sneak in fear and trembling on to a racecourse.

No propaganda

Although resolutions are pouring in by the score to the Minister of Health, urging him to permit advice on birth control to be broadcast from official maternity and child-welfare clinics, it seems he is firmly determined not to make any change.

Working-class mothers, therefore, will not be able to obtain this advice from the clinics unless the doctor in charge is satisfied that it would be positively dangerous for them to have any further children.

The last straw

The Liverpool C.I.D. Flying Squad received an urgent telephone-call recently to investigate a report of daylight robbery.

The squad tumbled slickly into their high-powered Edgar Wallace straight eight, and sped like the wind to the scene of the alleged crime. They found the affair to have been "greatly exaggerated."

• • •

Saddened and dispirited, the detectives dropped into a neighbouring tea-shop for a little private meditation on the iniquities of practical jokers.

When they came out they found that their motor car had been stolen.

Irrationalisation

With the new assistance forthcoming from the City, there are likely to be further big schemes of rationalisation in industry. The immediate effect, of course, is to throw redundant workers on to the streets.

When industrialists are making their plans they ought to provide for displaced workers. These have only their labour, but they bear the brunt.

An excellent example is set by the gas and one or two other industries which are considering schemes to compensate men thrown out of work.

We moved them

"A Town of Starving Cripples" was the title of our article published April 12, drawing attention to the distress in Rhondda Valley consequent on the failure of local collieries.

Compensation to injured miners was held up for eighteen months.

Our article has had a satisfactory sequel. A first instalment of £130,000 has been disbursed among the 900 injured men whose cause we espoused.

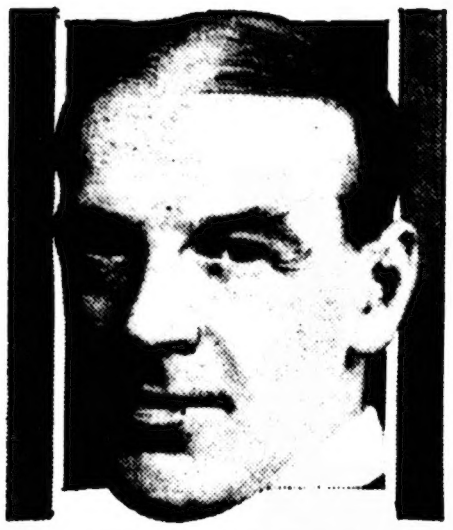
There are still a great number of other unfortunates, however, in South Wales, who, due to the failure of no less than six collieries as long ago as 1924, receive no more than 2s. 6d. in the pound of the compensation to which they are entitled.

Mislaid?

The Blue Bird as a symbol of all unattainable things is appropriately associated with Francis Lorang.

The fly-away Blue Bird director is still in custody of the French authorities, and his extradition seems no nearer than it was several months ago.

Mr. Clynes should make a move to expedite matters. Perhaps the French have forgotten that we want him.



Watch him, Trade Unions!

Calculated kindness

A new argument is being used by the woollen textile manufacturers in West Yorkshire to justify attempted wage-reductions.

The workers, they say, can manage with lower wages because they have better social services—a point made in the report on the dispute by Lord Macmillan.

The trade unions must closely watch this trend. If social services are to be debited to wages, the net gain of social reform is nil.

Nimble sixpence

Certain bucket-shops in the City of London are now cleverly trying to turn the extra 6d. on the income-tax to their own advantage.

They are circularising investors, telling them to buy shares for capital appreciation instead of for income return.

• • •

"You have to pay more tax on your income from investments," they say, "but if you made money by skilful buying and selling of shares your profits are capital, not income, and therefore escape tax."

Ignore this advice.

The succession

Should a son be born presently to the Duke and Duchess of York, it will probably have a far-reaching effect on the succession to the Crown of a character that is realised only by very few "behind the scenes" at the present time.

In the ordinary course of events, this prince would replace his sister, Princess Elizabeth, as the third in the direct line of succession, ranking after the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.

So timid

Acceptances of invitations to the International Load-Line Conference, which, as we reported some months ago, opens in London on May 20, have been received from nineteen countries in Europe and across the Atlantic.

Apart from Russia there are two notable absentees. Neither Italy nor France so far has responded.

Can they be afraid of a naval agreement even when it is proposed to safeguard the lives of merchant-seamen?

IF YOU SEE IT—*Continued*

Leak in Thomas' boat

Post Office workers in full-time employment are being engaged for part-time work as night telephonists.

This scandal is double-edged. It is shameful that Civil Servants should be so badly paid that they must seek this sort of auxiliary work.

And in view of the state of unemployment, the practice is bad policy in a State department.

Heal the waters!

We have frequently drawn attention to the growing evil of river-pollution.

A privately organised enquiry into the condition of certain rivers in England and Wales now reveals an incredible state of affairs.

Only thirteen of the rivers surveyed are free from pollution, two are doubtful, and the remaining forty five are badly polluted.

We cannot understand why the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries does not take this right out of the hands of local authorities.

Appoint river boards with sweeping powers as in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

Helpless?

For some years a dozen disabled ex-officers, terribly broken by wounds, have been living at a home at 46, Westbourne Terrace, Bayswater, but the lease of the house is up, and they have nowhere else to go.

They are not eligible for other officers' homes, and the Officers' Association is unable to continue its generous grant.

The home was founded by Mrs. Holman Richards, O.B.E., better known as Miss Phyllis Holman through her fine war work as a girl, which she is still carrying on amid great difficulties.

Seems like a strong case for assistance from the Ministry of Pensions.

Walking in our sleep

Germany is striding out well to conquer the world markets.

She is particularly persevering so far as Britain is concerned, and one of the latest evidences is the arrival here of a periodical from Berlin printed entirely in English.

It gives minute details of every conceivable commodity which might appeal to Britishers, and offers information on any and every point.

Agencies are granted to persons who prefer to handle German goods in preference to others.

The dog it was—

Mussolini's intense patriotic feeling has made him bite the hand of Henry Ford.

Ford had entered into an agreement with Isotta-Fraschini Motors whereby Fords could be made in Italy, 30 per cent. of the parts being imported from America. "Il Duce" killed this agreement.

Ireland was luckier. A Ford factory at Cork now *exports tractors to America.*

Incomplete lungs

The loss of the submarine *H47* with twenty lives last July spurred on the Admiralty research for safety-devices.

Estimates recently approved by the House of Commons indicate that life-saving apparatus is being provided for individual members of submarine crews.

Safety is not yet assured, however, even to the extent that the standard equipment of the American Navy achieves it.

A sunken submarine can release a buoy which carries telephone and light—current being furnished by the submarine's batteries. There is a pipeline for air and small food-packages.

There are additional lungs on the gas-mask principle for each man. To rest short of this margin of safety is criminal.

Princess Arthur could qualify

Peeresses persist

Another effort is about to be made by peeresses in their own right to gain seats in the House of Lords, and this time there appears to be a prospect of success.

With women in the House of Commons, it is hard to see why the peeresses should not succeed, particularly as, in the opinion of many authorities, they are not eligible for election to the Commons.

Should this privilege be gained, one member of the Royal Family will qualify to take her seat in the House of Lords.

She is Princess Arthur of Connaught, who is also the Duchess of Fife in her own right. Curiously enough, Prince Arthur is not a peer.

A miracle

The Post Office Telephone Service receives many kicks. What about a few ha'pence?

A few days ago a London business firm asked the Post Office to install a telephone in a new office in the West End of London. The matter was pressed as being very urgent.

Twenty-four hours after the application, the telephone was installed and working.

A smash

Following our exposure of the tennis "shamateurs," a rumour reaches us that the Lawn-Tennis Association has its very special eye upon these gentry.

The testimonials which have been so generously given to manufacturers of requisites by tennis stars will no longer be at all a safe proposition.

Those who give them may find themselves disciplined very severely.

In addition, it is understood that the self-advertisement of amateur champions by means of film publicity unconnected with tennis will be sternly dealt with.

We trust the rumour is true.

Slow motion

Two Civil Servants in the Enemy Debts Department were recently convicted of taking bribes. Rightfully they were punished.

But bribery is double-sided. In this case, another party was a Dutchman named Hauser. He has not yet been prosecuted, although the matter has been under consideration over two months.

O.B. careful!

And all for five shillings!

T. B. Beveridge, "O.B.E.," of 70, East Hamilton Street, Greenock, advertises vacant situations. People who reply are told that there is no hope of applicants getting those particular jobs.

But if you fill in enclosed form and send 5s. he will do what he can. And he does all that for 5s.!

No doubt he will get a lot of postal-orders.

Under the mask

"Unemployment Sunday" will be observed throughout the United States of America this week.

According to the National Unemployment League, there are 6,600,000 persons out of work—a much higher figure than that admitted officially.

Which all goes to show that surface prosperity combined with unemployment is not confined to this country.

Good Friday goldfish

For many days and nights over two hundred British trawlers and drifters were away off Iceland at Rockhall in the Atlantic, off the Faroe Islands and the Flannan Islands, gathering a record harvest of the sea for Holy Week.

In one day fifteen hundred tons of fish were landed at Hull, the heaviest catch in the whole history of the port.

A continuous service of express trains was run to distribute the fish throughout the country in time for Good Friday.

But did any pious observer of the ecclesiastical calendar find the last of his Lenten fare cheap?

Then whose was the harvest thanksgiving?

Canteens scandal

Many employment exchanges in the vicinity of Navy, Army and Air Force Board canteens do not disallow unemployment benefit to girls who refuse to

Sir Murrough Wilson, chairman of the Board, must take notice

work for the Board. It holds the view that the Board is not a fair employer of female labour.

But recently fifteen girls have been penalised by the Darlington Exchange for not accepting the conditions at Catterick Camp, and in three months ten girls were similarly treated in the Salisbury district.

This coercion will not ease a situation that amounts to a national scandal.

The pay, lodgings and hours offered by the Canteen Board should be examined at once by the Minister of Labour.

Better ships' doctors

Chambers of shipping and the medical authorities are busy with plans to improve the present status, pay and conditions of ships' doctors on British liners.

It will be a pity if Dr. Archibald Gardner is not put on the committee which may soon be appointed to deal with this. He is an Atlantic ship's doctor who has fought strenuously for twenty years to improve the lot of his colleagues.

Dr. Gardner was one of the first men to carry out an operation for appendicitis on board ship.

With very little encouragement in his fight, he has secured fine results. He is certainly the specialist who should be called into consultation now.

As good as a wink

Homer nods—and the shares go up. That's how it happens.

Our old friend William Homer, trading as James Beard and Co., 335, City Road, London, E.C., is still offering to convert your £5 to £25 and your £25 to £250 on receipt of deposit and wire.

The British and Dominions Investment Trust, Ltd., 508-13, Cecil Chambers, Strand, W.C., is prepared to do profitable business on the same terms. Backing a horse by wire is safer. And pitch-and-toss is more sensible and better fun.

Fee simple

Astute people now find it possible to drive a Rolls-Royce through the Companies Act. This motor-magnate is obligatory to show directors' fees in the balance-sheets. Quite right, too, you say? But observe:

In some recently published balance-sheets, directors' *fees* are not shown, have been discarded or reduced.

And in many of such cases payment up to the old standard has been made in the form of *salary.*

And salary need not be shown.

Sleepy valley

Bill Kershaw, who drew his dole at Lloyd's Siding, Birkdale, near Southport, tore himself from bed the other morning, yawned, stretched himself, and went sleepily towards the police-court.

Here he answered a charge of neglecting his twelve-months-old child.

During the hearing it was stated that though entitled to 26s. a week unemployment benefit, he was too lazy to go and draw it.

He stayed in bed for the best part of the morning and then went for a walk or visited billiard-saloons. What little money he gave his wife was the proceeds of the sale of articles in the house.

Kershaw's excuse for his conduct was that he was ill, but a doctor said there was nothing wrong with him.

A sympathetic Bench adjourned the case to enable him to try to get a job.

Loud shores!

The Empire tea-party

We are glad to note that the British Empire Union is giving a tea-party to poor children, as well as handing out flags, at the People's Palace, London, on Empire Day.

That's very sensible.

Very rich

Once again the agents for the Danish Colonial Lottery are flooding Britain with their circulars.

Having cited the things money will buy—jewels, cars and travel—they offer to make you a millionaire or a half-millionaire in five months if you will put away a shilling or sixpence daily.

Isn't it wonderful?

That's the offer of Ylwing and Co. Are they millionaires? Or only half-millionaires?

First and last

Can real life yield more thrills than the pages of the novelists?

Two weeks ago we published a true story of a singular coincidence connected with the tragic end of Chung Ling Soo, who was accidentally shot while performing his famous trick of catching bullets upon a plate.

Now comes another coincidence. A Bristol reader writes to say that she witnessed the very first performance of this trick nearly a quarter of a century ago, and retains the plate autographed by Chung Ling Soo, to this day.

For next to nothing

The P. Whitehall (1930) Winning Syndicate does not specify in what trades—apart from the public—it operates since it operates from April to November, we presume it is mainly on the flats.

The syndicate has only six vacancies. If it accepts you and your subscription (from 20s. to £10 you will get between £20 to £30 for every 20s.

There is one snag among many. Suppose you are not one of the first six, how soon will it send your money back?

Was the 1930 Syndicate opened on the first of April?

Mr. P. Whitehall sends his circular from Rhodes Minnis, Canterbury—a cathedral town.

FAREWELL to ALL THAT!

by REAR-ADMIRAL K. G. B. DEWAR, C.B.E.

"Good-bye to all racial hatreds and entanglements," says Admiral Dewar

IN 1914 a bomb went off in Sarajevo, a Serbian town. An Austrian Archduke fell, and as a result a generation of our youth waded for four years through mud and blood and filth.

Why did we or what did Europe in from it? How did it all happen? It appened because we had become ensnared European politics.

We must not repeat the tragedy to-day—ever.

Many will say that it was all inevitable, d that if we had allowed France to fight one, the German Army would have crushed rance and then have turned on us. There is flaw in this argument.

The German Army could not have arched across the North Sea or the Channel, d our Navy was fully competent to prevent coming in any other way.

And even if the Germans had occupied whole northern coast of France, it would t have helped them, for there is not a single rt there that will hold a fleet of any size.

But it's no use crying over spilt milk. We nt in and have come out half-ruined. That our fault, not the fault of France.

The war ended, and at Versailles heads re busy on the Treaty of Peace, sowing nother crop of war for another generation reap.

Who's the aggressor?

THE idea arose that the League of Nations should guarantee and secure as in a cast-steel frame the decisions reached at Versailles

America jibbed and cleared out.

Now, let it be clearly understood that no e wishes to say a word against the League Nations as an arbitrator or peacemaker.

The mistake is to ask it to enforce peace means of war. It then becomes a maker war.

The French put their faith in this belief d have framed a vocabulary of terms, such "sanctions" and "regional pacts" at neva, where they are dominant, to indicate fferent methods of knocking would-be ggressors on the head.

The real difficulty is that no one ever nows who is the aggressor.

Did it begin with the man in Sarajevo who rew the bomb and is now to have a monument, or with the Russian Chief of the Staff ho managed to "wangle" the order to mobie?

These sanctions will not guard us against ar; they merely ensure that everyone will go war.

Is an Irishman who starts a fight in the ast dissuaded from it by the idea that it will e a case of "everybody in"?

Enough on our spade

WAR is to be prevented by the menace of war. The devil of little wars is to be driven out by the Beelzebub of a big ar. This is a bad line, and the League of ations should not follow it.

The whole system of guarantees and anctions is merely another form of these old lliances which drove the youth of Europe hrough a four-years' purgatory.

Granted that they endured it magnifintly, that they showed splendid courage, d that the tale of their heroism will live ever. But statesmen have no right to our enormous commitments which will have be borne by someone else.

Has the British Empire not enough to do ithout being prepared to go to war with Italy ecause Italy may want to go to war with meone else?

If Italy or anyone else wants to go to ar, it should be our business and the business the League to try and dissuade her; it is t our business to make things worse by joinin.

France says that the Kellogg Pact is nebu-: that she must have precise and logical arantees of security.

Quite, but who will give precise security ainst such plans as the French Plan No. 17, which ignored the probability of a big German attack through Belgium, and involved a futile offensive on the Eastern front which sacrificed 300,000 men?

It nearly gave Germany the victory, and led our Army to the brink of destruction at Mons.

Who will state precisely the lives that will be lost, the debt that will be incurred, and the dates on which it will be paid?

It is a good thing to be precise on these points.

There is another real and serious objection to commitments and obligations which in times of crisis bind us down to a strategy which may not suit us and may dislocate our own essential requirements.

Our Navy knew precisely what it wanted in 1914. It drew up a simple plan without consulting the French, and its plan bore the strain of the whole war.

The Army, on the other hand, got tied to the French Plan No. 17, which may have been very logical and precise, but was absolutely wrong.

Fight? Yes, for Britain

AGAIN, who is to safeguard the young British soldier or sailor who enters the Army and Navy to fight for his country? He does not enter it to stop Italy fighting France.

Long after the war there was a British battalion freezing in Siberia for some purpose or other, while others were being eaten by mosquitoes in Iraq.

It will probably be found that the men who are keenest on these commitments, which have to be paid for by the soldier and sailor in their blood, were most of them snugly ensconced in nice little jobs during the war.

Politicians should understand once and for all that a soldier is inspired by the idea of defending his country, and not by the idea of stopping a Serb from fighting a Bulgarian. It is not his business to quench the smouldering hatreds of Europe.

But some will say, "Europe is one." That is just precisely what she is not, and in trying to make us think so, France may be one too many for us.

We gave up the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which was of use to us, in order to avoid its commitments, which might possibly bring us into collision with America.

And yet people talk light-heartedly of the British Navy enforcing a blockade for the League of Nations, though it was precisely to resist our blockade that America built the big fleet that has been the pivot of all the Naval Conferences.

Are not the British Empire, our two million unemployed and our own economic difficulties big enough commitments?

Meanwhile, France flourishes. She has no unemployed. On the contrary, she imports a million and a half foreign workmen to get her work done.

Our one and only real commitment is the regeneration of Great Britain and the reconstruction of industry.

On Iraq and Palestine we have spent a hundred million pounds, and all we have gained is the dislike and antagonism of the Arab race.

While we are spending huge sums on Iraq and Borrioboola Gha, we have two million children living under slum conditions, and a rejection of 61 per cent. Army recruits for physical disability.

While France chuckles

IT is stated that France actually suggested at the Naval Conference that Great Britain should pledge herself not to exercise her vote for or against war on the Council of the League if all the others were unanimous.

Great Britain was merely to have the honour of enforcing a blockade, incurring another huge debt, risking hostilities with America, and dragging Canada into all the possible complications of such a policy.

Whilst France, with no unemployed, low taxation per head and booming coal, steel and textile industries, tries to involve us in unknown commitments in the Mediterranean, our coal and steel industries can hardly pay their way, and our great textile industry is on the verge of ruin.

The real security of Europe lies in a spirit of good will and a resolve to keep the peace to the utmost of its power.

As for commitments and guarantees, regional pacts and sanctions, let us say definitely and firmly, "Good-bye to all that."

Good-bye to all these racial hatreds and entangling commitments that lie like pits ahead of the next generation, and can only lead to monstrous holocausts of the life and youth of Europe.

Security lies in progressive disarmament and in the spirit of the Kellogg Pact, by which fifty-six Powers have outlawed and renounced war as an instrument of national policy.

If the Kellogg Pact means anything, it points the real path to peace—a great covenant which it is the duty of everyone to support.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Real Cloud over KAYE DON

Flag-Day Infliction—Harry's Little Loan
A Woman's Revenge

Mr. J. FOYSTER,
Chairman of the Bench, Norwich

DEAR SIR,—You apparently regard the exposure of rotten meat for sale as a mere trifle, yet people might be killed by eating it.

You had a very bad case of it before you—you said it was that—and you fined the wholesale meat-dealer and the butcher concerned £5 each per offence, plus 10s. costs for the meat-dealer.

The condition of the meat indicated that the beast had died of disease, some of it smelt offensive, and all of it was definitely unfit for food.

Why this extraordinary clemency?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. G. JOSEPH,
Mayor of Marylebone

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—You are right. The long-suffering but charitably disposed public is heartily sick of a lot of minor, unimportant, irritating little flag-days.

They will appreciate your effort to establish a single collective day for the benefit of the hospitals which serve your borough.

With the Princess Royal as Lady Grand President of your General Appeal and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, Lord Hailsham, Lord Derby, and others in support, you are setting an excellent example for other municipalities to follow.

JOHN BULL.

PAUL FRANZ HUSTI,
Vienna

ABYSMAL BRUTE,—It does scant justice to your loathsome trick played on Mrs. Fred Newlove, of Hull, to call it a "cruel hoax." To pretend that you were her son, who, in fact, had died, was the act of a fiend.

You are a man "under police control," but burglary is clean to this.

While I am glad that you are not British, all the same I wish we had you here in England. You shall guess why.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HARRY LAUDER,
Landervale, Dunoon

DEAR SIR HENRY,—It does my heart good to hear that you are lending Oban £4,000.

You have made so much money out of your Scottish (or rather Scotch) music-hall turn that a little loan to a Scottish town is a graceful return—at 5 per cent.

My only fear is that English people may get the idea that there are no Scots who give, instead of lending. And there are. Many!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. STEPHEN CLEMENTS,
Messrs. Fuller and Mead, Ltd., 41, Great Windmill Street, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—Let me congratulate you on having completed seventy years of service with your firm. That is a notable achievement, and does credit both to you and your employers.

I notice that you are eighty-five years of age, and still an invaluable member of the staff.

There must be loyalty and *esprit de corps* on both sides in Fuller and Meads.

JOHN BULL.

Miss CAROLINE WEST,
Battersea

MADAM,—You have done a very wicked thing—something far, far worse than many crimes for which penal servitude is the punishment.

You have borne such false witness against an innocent man—a friend—as would, if you had been believed, have sent him to the gallows.

If you had killed your friend in anger it would not have been so horrible.

How could you do it? And do you think a mere plea for pardon wipes out the offence? For shame!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. BECKETT, M.P.,
17, Clifford's Inn, London, E.C.

DEAR BECKETT,—That's the way to talk to the Lunacy Board of Control! It was time that somebody in the House stood up for those whom pseudo-experts glibly term "mental-defectives" and claim to treat as slaves.

The case of the Gateshead girl you champion is not unique.

Granted that the Board was justified in saying that the girl had had two illegitimate children, that was a monstrous and silly reason for keeping her locked up.

That it should utter a baseless slander, and then, instead of apologising, slander the mother, is the limit. Only when you threatened an action did it apologise.

Good man! Keep it up! The tyrants will take some beating.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES WRIGHT,
Freeman's Farm, Coventry

UNMANLY PERSON,—When you set about cruelly ill-treating a horse by beating it with an iron bar, I suppose you thought it was of little consequence that a couple of touring actresses were horrified witnesses of your savagery.

You even became contemptuously insolent when they attempted to intervene.

Through their evidence, however, you were convicted and fined £10, with the alternative of twenty-eight days' imprisonment.

I congratulate Miss Edna Hay and Miss Violet Evelyn, the actresses involved, on having rendered a public service in bringing you before the Beak.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. KAYE DON,
Atlantic Ocean

DEAR KAYE,—Sorry you have had such a tough deal on Daytona Beach. And how neatly the facts have been suppressed.

In justice to you, the British public must know that the reason why insuperable obstacles were put in your way by the authorities was on account of your truthful reports of the weather.

When Miami was being boosted as the American Riviera, with 999 hours of sunshine out of 1,000, they didn't want the world to hear about wet day after wet day.

I, at any rate, am glad to welcome you back just as heartily as though you had beaten the record.

JOHN BULL.

Sir W. JOWITT, K.C., M.P.,
Attorney-General

LEARNED SIR,—I agree that the habit of keeping the woman's name secret in cases where the exercise of the discretion of the court is sought on behalf of a husband is a bad one.

But don't you think that in all divorce cases secrecy is bad? Has not the muzzling of the Press led to deplorable results?

You have great influence. Use it.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. Mr. ENGLEHEART,
Salisbury

DEAR PADRE,—It is delightful to think of you in your garden near Salisbury cultivating the sweet daffodil.

Parsons in their spare time have done much for botany, and I honour them for it.

The pity of it is that, while you have succeeded in putting pink in the daffodil, few of you clergymen can put pep into the Church.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulde*

DR. W. L. GUTHRIE: "It is almost as safe for children to play on the railway line as in the streets of London."
Safer! They can hear the trains.

• • •

JUDGE CLUER: "Some husbands may not be able to control their wife's tongue, but I can—*here*."
Coward!

• • •

MR. JUSTICE ROWLATT: "What is the good of juries nowadays for any business purpose? None."
Which judge asked, "And what is a plumber's mate?"

• • •

MR. B. LUKE: "A school attendance officer should be a father to the fatherless."
But not a step-father.

• • •

COLONEL WEDGWOOD, M.P.: "The books we read in our youth very often shape our political opinions."
"Deadwood Dick"?

• • •

DEAN OF WINDSOR: "Some young people to-day think that immorality is necessary to great art."
But a few great artists still set the a horrible example.

Not from the B.B.C.—Canon John McBain obliges with—

The Song of the SMUG BRIGAD

MORALLY, England's rather warm,
And Wales a really hot land;
And as these sinners sow they'll reap,
But we, at least intend to keep
Temptation out of Scotland.

No book which we suspect may be
Upon the warm or wide side
In Glasgow's lib'ry shall we place,
To bring a deep blush to the face
Of anyone by Clydeside.

With eager eyes and noses keen,
Our searchers and our smellers
Examine ev'ry printed work,
In case the germs of sin should lurk
In Sassenach Best Sellers.

Against contamination thus
Is Glasgow's youth protected.
But soon, I fear, to save our face,
The works of Burns we'll have to place
Among the Great Rejected!

Just at present we do not contemplate following a recent American precedent by banning Bobbie, as this might make Caledonia really stern and wild.

But meanwhile we—meaning the Glasgow Municipal Libraries Committee, of which I am chairman—have taken a step in the right direction by banning Lady Eleanor Smith's novel, "The Red Wagon."

Some people have criticised this action and others have laughed, pointing out that the book has been highly praised by the critics, none of whom has detected any signs of indecency in it.

But, thank heaven! Sassenach standards of decency do not prevail by the gloomy banks o' Clyde. And although all the members of the committee have not read this novel, I strongly repudiate the suggestion that some of them can't read, or, at any rate, don't.

It is sufficient for us that we have been assured by an elder's council that the author "knows too much for her age," which, I understand, is twenty-eight.

In some quarters it has been asked what on earth the age of an author has to do with the question, but I maintain that this is one of several important factors which must be taken into consideration in determining whether a book is decent or indecent.

If a body reads a book, how can a body tell
If it's the sort of book to send a reader fast to hell,
Unless a body knows just when the novelist was born?
And whether she's a widow, wife, or maiden all forlorn?

Should a body read a book and in its pages find
No sentence to contaminate the purest mind,
He next should ask the publisher about the author's life:
What are his views on haggis? Did he ever beat his wife?

We care not that this special book had its praises sung;
We never would have written it when we were very young!
We never knew too much when young for persons of our age (some would fill full many a page!
And what we don't know now (some

Gulp It—and GRIN!

by A. G. GARDINER

"We do not like his physic; but the medicine-bottle is in the right hands"

PARLIAMENT has dispersed to the country to greet the Spring and, incidentally, to digest Mr. Snowden's Budget. Reams have been written and still more reams have been spoken on that subject already, but there is still matter in it for "the wearing out of six fashions," as Falstaff would say.

It has, of course, been bitterly assailed from both extremes. Mr. Churchill is horrified at its extravagance and Mr. Maxton is shocked by its moderation.

I do not know which of these discontents fills me with the more wonder.

Perhaps that of Mr. Churchill. For, after all, this was largely Mr. Churchill's own Budget.

It was he who prepared the Budget that left Mr. Snowden with a deficiency of fourteen millions to find, and it was he who was responsible for the Derating Act, which left Mr. Snowden with the task of searching the taxpayers' pockets to find the money to relieve the rates.

Mr. Churchill paid Peter, but he left his successor with the less agreeable task of robbing Paul.

And it implies a courage bordering on impudence that, having incurred a liability, he should complain that Mr. Snowden has provided the means to discharge the liability.

When he lifted a burden of thirty millions off the back of the industrial Peter he, inferentially, left it to be transferred to the back of Paul the taxpayer.

Mr. Snowden has done it, and done it in the only way it could be honestly done.

Paul squeals, of course. I squeal and you squeal. And we have a right to squeal, especially those of us who believe that the discrimination in the Derating Act between the producer ratepayer and the distributive ratepayer—that is, between the manufacturer and the tradesman—involved a gross injustice.

The one man who has no right to squeal is Mr. Churchill. It is he who left Mr. Snowden to pay his bills for him.

He wants all

But Mr. Maxton's discontents are hardly less a subject for wonder. Eleven years after the war the British taxpayer is back to almost the highest level of war-taxation.

And Mr. Maxton is still unappeased. He wants more, and still more. In fact, he wants all.

To his childlike mind, everybody will be well off when nobody has anything and the State has appropriated everything.

Fortunately, Mr. Snowden is not this sort of tomfool. He is neither a sloppy sentimentalist of the Maxton type nor a preacher of catastrophe like Mr. Wheatley. He is that rare bird among Chancellors of the Exchequer, a sound economist.

He knows that social reform has to be financed, that it can only be financed out of industry, that excessive taxation of industry destroys industry, and in destroying industry brings down like a house of cards the social reform that rests on it.

While we are giving another turn to the screw of taxation, France is discussing the reduction of the burden of the taxpayer by forty millions sterling.

And while we have 1,600,000 unemployed, France is so short of labour that she is scouring Europe for workers.

Does Mr. Maxton see no connection between these facts?

There are other considerations in Mr. Snowden's mind. There is a saturation-point in taxation. Beyond that point taxes, however drastic, cease to be productive.

One of the most ominous facts in the share market to-day is that there is no money for the great industries—iron, steel, cotton, wool—that have been the backbone of this country. They are starved when they need it most.

Money is being diverted into sheer gambling channels that offer appreciations (and still more often losses) that will not be taxed.

Not all criminals

This is bad for the public, worse for industry, worst of all for the country which rests on sound finance and prosperous trade.

And consider another aspect of this terrific toll which the State is taking. The death-duties have no terror for me. I can speak of them quite dispassionately.

But is it wise of the State to eat up the great estates of the wealthy so ravenously? Is it quite true that all millionaires are criminals?

Some are, no doubt. Some, on the other hand, are most priceless benefactors. The late Lord Cowdray, for example, by his adventurous genius, enriched this country as much as any man of his time.

Merely as a business proposition, is it good national economy to obliterate the incentive to adventure?

I am sure it is bad economy to treat the impounding of these estates as current revenue, and base our calculations of expenditure upon them.

"Winston borders on impudence"—Maxton blowing beautiful bubbles

For, as the estates are devoured, the income from death-duties will slump, and with income-tax at full strain there will be no visible substitute for this source of revenue—highly as I think of the possibilities of land-values.

It is considerations of this sort that led Mr. Snowden at the close of his speech to allay the alarm at the new taxes he had found it necessary to impose by intimating that the end of the exactions was in sight.

He did not make this announcement because he has any love of the rich. He made it because, being a sound economist and a thrifty person, he knows that the present standard of expenditure is involving a drain upon industry that threatens our whole financial and commercial fabric.

He is as keen a social reformer as Mr. Maxton. But, unlike Mr. Maxton, he knows that social reform is not a beautiful bubble blown at a street-corner, but a reality that has to be financed, and can only be financed within the limits of our resources.

Those resources are now strained near to the breaking-point. The catastrophe-mongers would like the breaking-point to be reached.

They think it would confer on this country the blessedness of Soviet Russia, with its food-queues and its dragooned "proletariat."

The right doctor

Much more likely it would mean a plunge into Protection. Mr. Snowden wants neither casastrophe nor Protection.

It is fortunate that the first Labour Budget has been in the hands of so wise and so instructed a mind.

We do not like his physic. We hope that his next dose will be more palatable. But we know that the medicine-bottle is in the right hands.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Falling in *Love*

A compliment and a warning

THE much-quoted proverb, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," has more point than I knew until yesterday.

A father was laughing to me about his boy, and said: "He is in the stage of calf-love. I suppose it is the influence of springtime."

Poor boy! I hope the jocular parent will not jeer at him to his face. For one thing I am quite certain, and that is that the youngster must just now be quite incapable of laughing at himself.

He will do that later on, when he has got over his present disturbance of spirit and found another object on which to centre his affections.

They tell me that young people nowadays are much less sentimental than their elders were at the same age, and that they are not obsessed by sex to the same extent.

It may be so, but I doubt it. Young people are as liable as ever to make fools of themselves under the urge of sex, and even to wreck their lives by some act of mad passion.

Did not the Archbishop of Canterbury, while paying the rising generation a high compliment for sanity and pure ideals the other day, warn us at the same time of the existence of evils due to irregular indulgence of the sex-instinct, which were doing much harm to the community and preparing a harvest of trouble for the future?

Our boys and girls need guidance on this vital subject as much as boys and girls ever did, and they ought to get it.

Sympathy and understanding are required to steer them past the danger-zone.

Get a young fool to wait before committing himself for life, and the chances overwhelmingly are that the mistake will not be made.

But to thwart a passion only fans the flame. Many a fatal decision has been the result of unwise opposition at a critical stage.

Help budding manhood and womanhood to see that self-respect is incompatible with "falling" in love with someone else's physical appeal, and that for happiness it is unsafe to build on any foundation except character.

Above all, let it be inculcated that real and lasting love is fundamentally an act of the will, not a rush of blood to the brain.

Million-Pound COMPANY SENSATION

Sir C. Kinloch-Cooke, to whom the shareholders look to straighten things out

BRITISH investors have sustained many severe shocks in recent years, but few can ever have been so shatteringly disillusioned as the 8,000 odd shareholders of a concern called the Acetate Products Corporation, Ltd.

Its prospectus, issued eighteen months ago, seemed unimpeachable.

Several well-known people in the commercial and political world graced its board of directors, and their names alone were sufficient to inspire the fullest confidence.

So genuinely attractive did the proposition appear that £650,000 was raised within a few hours from people who were confident that success was assured.

The Acetate Products Corporation, Ltd., was formed, the directors said, to supply a national need, and would be concerned mainly with the production of non-inflammable celluloid for the manufacture of scores of highly profitable commodities.

Wonderful prospects

Safety glass, cutlery-handles, children's toys, buttons, lampshades, collars, combs—there was no end to the uses to which the product could be put.

Shareholders, it was pointed out, were being presented with a truly wonderful opportunity, because the market for these multitudinous articles had been gravely restricted in the past.

Celluloid previously used had been so highly inflammable that retailers would only stock small quantities.

As the new material was "absolutely safe from the dangers of fire," the output would be broadened tremendously.

It was estimated, indeed, that, after deducting all expenses, there would be a yearly profit of £200,000.

To-day, eighteen months after parting with their cash, the shareholders have to face the dismal fact that, instead of any profits having been earned, the bulk of the capital has been spent and, in addition, several thousand pounds lost.

What has brought about this lamentable reversal of all their hopes?

The answer is not far to seek.

The corporation took over, as a going concern, the celluloid business of a firm called Greenhill and Sons, Ltd.

Being a private undertaking, this concern was under no obligation to publish balance-sheets, yet £175,000 was paid to it by the corporation on the written statement of its proprietor, a Mr. Bernard Morris Greenhill, and an accountant's certificate that the yearly profits had averaged £25,000 for some years.

As it was principally on this emphatic statement that the shareholders put up their money, how does it come about that, with over half a million pounds in capital at least, this same standard of profit-making has not been maintained?

The balance-sheet, just available, is a most distressing document.

Signed by an eminent firm of chartered accountants, it is filled with glaring revelations that call for the fullest explanation.

Thousands of shares have been allotted to people who did not even pay the necessary application-money, which, the auditors say, is now irrecoverable.

In a statement arresting in its frankness, the auditors add some strong comments upon certain transactions with other companies in which the corporation's chairman, Mr. Greenhill, was believed to be interested.

They say that the value of assets shown as being worth £183,228 is "doubtful," and they further criticise the payment of £50,000 to yet another concern in which Mr. Greenhill was also believed to be interested, for a licence, the value of which cannot so far be gauged.

Mass formation

They also disclose that a bill for £12,500 which was discounted has been dishonoured, and, amongst various other lamentable things, show clearly that the affairs of the corporation have been tragic from the start.

Though loss has thus engulfed the shareholders, the balance-sheet discloses that the directors have drawn nearly £5,000 in fees and expenses.

At the same time, £70,000 has been swallowed up in "formation expenses," while £4,277 has gone in "consultant's fees."

Tens of thousands of pounds has found its way into the coffers of other companies associated with the corporation, and well over a million pounds of public money is at stake.

The chairman of the corporation, Mr. Morris Greenhill, is a naturalised Russian Pole, originally named Greenberg.

While his name figured so conspicuously in the original glowing prospectus, it now takes front place in the present pessimistic balance-sheet.

Somebody's business

What has Mr. Greenhill to say about the implications put upon him by his co-directors?

Recently he resigned from the board and was absent from a meeting of shareholders the other day at which many drastic things were said about the corporation's unsatisfactory affairs.

Had he been present, it is doubtful whether he would have been as successful in quelling the stormy gathering as he had been a year ago at a meeting when he was severely catechised.

Even then, before any of the present ugly facts had come to light, and only an inkling of the real position was apparent, shareholders demanded a board of enquiry to look into the corporation's affairs.

They were, unhappily, defeated. But to-day, with half a million of the invested capital expended, we certainly think the shareholders, many of whom were absent from the meeting, are more than justified in demanding the very fullest explanation.

It is certainly somebody's business to discover how the irresponsible statements in the prospectus, on which so much money was invested, ever came to be made.

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

LONG-DISTANCE *Confidence*

I HAVE just had sent to me by a reader correspondence which has passed between him and the Syncro Motors Company, of Battle Creek, Michigan.

Its business appears to be the sale of a device for improving the efficiency of the sparking-plugs of a motor-car by intensifying the electrical currents passing through the plugs from the dynamo or battery, as the case may be.

The company suggests that the Syncro high-frequency ignition system is, "without question, the greatest automobile accessory on the market to-day, in its field."

It further adds that its sales organisation already covers Canada, United States, and South America, and that the growth in Europe should be large.

• • •

My correspondent noticed an advertisement in a daily paper for a "Distributing Manager" for the Syncro Motors Company, "no experience wanted," so he wrote to the company.

He received a reply signed by the "Vice-President," telling him that he "seemed to possess qualifications which would admirably fit him for the work."

It added: "I am submitting your application, along with several others I have selected from among the many received, to our Board for final decision as to this very important appointment. . . .

"Quite naturally, we are choosing our Managers for this work with extreme care. . . . It is my belief that I am going to be able, following our Board Meeting on Thursday, to send you a very welcome and definite statement on the appointment."

Now, Battle Creek, Michigan, is a long way from Battersea Park, London, and the advertisement which attracted my correspondent stated that *no experience was wanted.*

It seems peculiar to me that the Syncro Motors Company was able to divine that my correspondent possessed "admirable qualifications," and it is not apparent to me how it was able to exercise "extreme care" in its choice.

• • •

However, matters progressed, and a further letter was received, but this time from the "President," which ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. ——.—Of several letters which were put before our Board for consideration, yours, supported by the recommendation of Mr. Pongratz, appealed to me strongly, and I feel quite positive that you are just the man we want for the position of Distributing Manager for our productions in the British Isles. . . .

"I feel certain that you are honest, loyal, energetic and capable."

• • •

The rest of the letter merely enlarges upon the wonderful invention, and, just before concluding, remarks:

"I am glad that we made connections with you, and I am pleased that you have the qualified (*sic*) support of Pongratz."

The letter is hectographed, and has doubtless gone to many other "honest, loyal, energetic and capable people."

The bump comes, however, at the end of the letter, for my correspondent is invited to cable his acceptance, together with a sum of £21, for the purchase of samples.

I may now mention that exactly the same sort of thing was going on just over a year ago with another reader, and that my present correspondent is an unfortunate out-of-work ex-Service man.

I wonder how many more people have been appointed "Distributing Manager" (it is a wonderful title for the "British Isles."

If any readers of this Paper have been so appointed, I wish they would write and let me know.

I know nothing of their productions, but a little about motor-cars and I recollect using spark-intensifiers on a motor-car twenty years ago.

But I doubt whether nowadays, in view of the very efficient ignition-systems which are employed in modern motor-cars, anybody would be troubled with "gadgets," however efficient they may be.

• • •

I might mention that my correspondent of a year ago did not take on the proposition.

I do not know whether a copy of JOHN BULL containing this will ever reach Battle Creek, Michigan, but if it does, let me add a concluding sentence for their information.

In this country it is not the custom for distributing-agents to purchase stock, so you had better try it on another "dog" who doesn't read JOHN BULL!

Weird Apostle's Palais de Spoof

A MYSTERIOUS priest, with hair-raising ideas and an extensive clerical wardrobe, has for some time been attracting considerable notice in London studios.

Already his magnetic personality has won him a large following, and the curious church over which he presides is often crowded. His congregations are composed chiefly of women.

He is the Reverend Father Francis Gifford, "D.B.A.," of Bedford Road, Clapham, London, S.W., and he is described as the "Director Apostle" of the "Church of the Old Irish Apostles."

His headquarters, which are at Trinity Hall, Tooting, typify his unorthodox ideas, for the premises serve during the week as a public dance-hall.

Transformation

On the platform, where jazz-bands have blared their frenzied syncopation throughout the week, Father Gifford erects an altar draped in blue and gold, surmounted by tall candles and religious symbols, and decorated with flowers.

At his services he burns incense before this improvised altar, while music of a more subdued kind is dispensed by an organ imported for the occasion.

Biblical prints help to tone down the gaily-coloured walls, and the dance-hall church is ready.

Although comparatively young, the Reverend Father Gifford claims to be the senior member of the only three remaining survivors of a spiritual brotherhood of twelve apostles.

Consecrated their "Bishop," he assumes the title of "Director Apostle" as of right.

When he opened his strange "church" in November last, a remarkable series of services was held.

Assisted by a draped woman, whom he introduced as "Sister Prior," he startled his congregation with a most eerie and unexpected performance.

While appearing quite robust in the flesh, it seemed that Sister Prior was unearthly in mind, and claimed some mysterious link with another world.

Through her, it was declared, contact could be made with the spirits of departed relatives and friends, and "readings" could be obtained from them for the benefit of members of the congregation.

On one occasion, for instance, Sister Prior described the spirit of a grey-haired man of sixty-four, emphasising such details as "a bunch of charms hanging on his watch-chain."

Singling out an elderly man in the audience, she told him dramatically that the spirit was, through her mediumship, persistently calling the name of John.

The spirit speaks

Asked if he recalled the name as belonging to any departed relative or friend, the man replied "Yes," though nobody thought of suggesting that he must have known a good many "Johns" in his lifetime.

Sister Prior impressively told him that the spirit had asked her to warn him to avoid damp as much as possible, as it was bad for rheumatism.

Then, pointing to an elderly couple, Sister Prior said that she was in touch with the spirit of a man who, when on earth, had advised them regarding legal papers.

He had now returned to earth through her, she added, to warn them to exercise caution in their business affairs during the next two months.

Sister Prior held whispered conversations with the "spirits," and the proceedings closed with a silver collection—the usual procedure.

Eager for larger congregations, the Reverend Father Gifford, "D.B.A.," has lately been advertising in local papers under the heading "Spiritualism."

He has also distributed handbills drawing special attention to "Open Circle" meetings.

Vague warnings

At such gatherings, which open with a hymn and two minutes' silence, Gifford stands piously before the lighted altar and informs his hearers that he will receive "messages" on their behalf.

Though he claims these messages to be spiritual, the wisdom he imparts is decidedly vague.

Thus, two old women were told that an elderly man, whose advice concerned "something in the past," wished them to "be careful and act for the best."

For another woman Gifford received a message which vaguely concerned a blue sky above and an anchor below, with a warning to think well before deciding upon a course of action she was contemplating.

Finally, Gifford assembles his flock in a circle round the altar, instructing them to place their feet firmly upon the floor and rest their hands in their laps, palms upwards.

After a tense silence, during which Gifford tries to "sense" the arrival of "healing spirits," a woman medium begins rubbing her hands together.

Gifford, self-styled "Bishop"—but a dangerous man

Then, selecting another woman member of the circle, she begins to massage the latter's face, muttering incoherently the while.

Passing the plate

On one occasion so many "treatments" were administered in this way that the medium grew overheated and had to remove her fur coat.

A silver collection also marks the close of "Open Circle" meetings, and contributions are usually given readily enough by thrilled and excited people who devoutly believe that the "spiritual message" will have beneficial results.

Of course, it is all the sheerest humbug and a cruel imposition upon credulous souls.

But that is not all.

We are here able to reveal the "Reverend Father" Gifford as a dangerous individual, who has no right to wear clerical garb.

His name is not to be found in any ecclesiastical reference-book, while the First Church of the Old Irish Apostles, of which he is self-appointed as "Director Apostle," is unrecognised in religious circles.

There can seldom have been a more shameless impostor, for in spite of his pious gestures at his Tooting "church," Gifford's true leanings will not stand the slightest enquiry.

Numerous people to whom he has posed as a devout priest are at present clamouring for moneys due to them.

His landlord, the grocer, the milkman, the baker and various other tradespeople have been deceived, while his creditors even include the printer who provided his handbills and the advertising manager of a local paper.

One anxious enquirer is the man who supplied Gifford with the organ, which is likely to be seized at any moment because the payments are in arrear.

Meanwhile, Gifford is conducting gatherings of a very different character at his flat in Bedford Road, Clapham, where he entertains some of his women friends, and where unseemly scenes and quarrels have occurred.

His conduct at this flat is certainly not of the kind expected of a priest.

Impudent associate

This, then, is the "Director Apostle" who proposes to establish a chain of "spiritualistic churches" through the country.

Another "Old Apostle" was long ago exposed in these columns under the name of "Father Francis."

This man once arrived at Westminster Cathedral and impudently asked permission to say Mass.

When he was questioned as to his *bona-fides*, he made a lot of misstatements, but claimed that one church run by him (at a non-existent place) had been handed over to "Father Gifford"!

Unless Gifford alters his methods immediately, some official steps should be taken to compel him to do so, for his present activities constitute a very grave menace, particularly where simple-minded women are concerned.

Westminster Cathedral, where "Father Francis" met with rebuke

Tuning-In to the Tills

A SUN-TANNED stranger, in the uniform of a liner's wireless operator, with a row of medal ribbons upon his breast, arrived at a Southampton hotel.

He registered as Stephen Watling, newly returned from a prolonged voyage in Australian waters.

In conversation he showed a first-hand knowledge of that distant dominion, so that when he approached the management with a document purporting to show that he had nearly £100 due to him for back pay on his last trip he was not suspected.

• • •

Depositing this document as security, he was permitted to pay his hotel-bills by cheque, and he was advanced nearly £10 in cash.

Then came a day when the sun-burned wireless operator was not to be found amongst the hotel's guests.

The alleged certificate for Watling's "back pay" proved to be a worthless document that had been stolen some months before from an Australian bank by a man who was known to have been seriously convicted in Australia.

• • •

People in many towns complain of being tricked by a much-beribboned wireless operator, who also told the most engaging stories of his Australian experiences.

Watling has played similar havoc in Sunderland, Glasgow, South Shields and West Hartlepool, and he has now commenced a new campaign upon the South coast.

Meet Elizabeth—

Make the acquaintance of this famous serving-maid—the creation of Florence A. Kilpatrick, one of the brilliant contributors to the *Passing Show*. Every Friday, 2d.

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WHETHER baby will be healthy and happy depends very largely upon that service of love even more important than the tiny garments so carefully chosen. *During the weeks before baby arrives the expectant mother will make quite sure that she will be able to feed baby herself.*

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"Ovaltine" is prepared from Nature's foods which are richest in nutriment—ripe barley malt, creamy milk and eggs.

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P 632.

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"... I can't wear your Suits out in anything like the time another maker's lasts with care. I am now wearing a jacket bought from you seven years ago, and I have other suits waiting to take its place.

This is my tenth order, therefore further remarks would be superfluous.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) H. G. HEATHFIELD, M.P.S., M.C.O.,
3, North Station Road, Colchester."

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Absolutely impervious to rain, sleet or hail.

Cut with full, ample skirt, deep storm collar. No dressier coat or more sportsmanlike coat was ever produced. Ideal in all climates.

Must not be confused with the imitation leather coat. The Militaire is quite, quite different, and equally dressy in dry weather as in wet weather.

Or by "Cash on Delivery" System if preferred.

Post us your remittance for 21/- for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat.

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Two of the peer-directors in this strange company, Lord Askwith and—

—Lord Erskine

Three Peers *in a* Strange Concern

ONE of the most disastrous company ventures in which public money has ever been involved is represented by the British Surety Insurance Company, Ltd., of Fenton House, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

Yet three peers have figured on its list of directors, Lord Askwith, K.C.B., being chairman, with Lord Erskine and Lord Verulam amongst the directors.

The British Surety Insurance Company, Ltd., is to-day in a very parlous plight, and is coming to the public for more money.

Launched upon the public in April, 1927, the company's aim was to operate as a "non-tariff" insurance office.

It was out to compete with the vast established insurance companies, whose rates it would have to cut.

When its prospectus was issued, insurance journals were unanimous in striking a warning note, and some severe things were said.

The public response to the first issue of £250,000 was far from encouraging, while at least two lawsuits followed immediately regarding the underwriters' commitments.

The net result was that, instead of the quarter of a million it had asked for, the company found itself with little more than £70,000 in cash.

Out of the £70,000 odd that it had obtained from courageous investors, £20,000 had immediately to be lodged with the Paymaster-General under the Assurance Companies Act.

Then, over £20,000 was swallowed up by "preliminary expenses and brokerage."

Important!

Thus it will be seen that more than half the investors' money was gone before a start had been made.

There was, however, a reassuring note in the prospectus to the effect that the company was lucky in commencing business with "important and valuable connections," while it was estimated that the first year's premium income therefrom would be £200,000.

But, apparently, these "important and valuable connections" were represented by an organisation called the British Primary Syndicate, which the British Surety Insurance Company acquired at a cost of £12,500.

When we say that this syndicate had been brought into being in January, 1927, with the sole object of launching the British Surety Insurance Company, and only boasted a paid-up capital of £2, the importance or value of the connection seems questionable.

Finally, it all boiled down to this: the insurance company commenced business with liquid resources which only totalled £14,000, though, in prodigal style, it fixed the directors' salaries on the most generous scale.

Lord Askwith was allowed £1,000 a year, tax-free, and the other directors were to draw £400.

Even the long-established insurance companies only expect to average 4 per cent. profit on their premium income, and if the British Surety concern had fulfilled its anticipations, half the profit on a turnover of £200,000 would have gone in directors' fees alone.

But, alas! instead of the £200,000 so confidently estimated, the first year's trading showed a premium return of only £31,000.

And the balance-sheet revealed that only £9,400 was left in ready money.

Optimism!

Then it recklessly proceeded to break promises given in the original prospectus by deciding to engage in marine business.

The next accounts showed that the whole of the paid-up capital had been lost, and although an additional £32,000 had been brought into the company, this had also gone in "inaugural expenses and trading losses."

Yet at the annual meeting in December last year the directors announced that they had the utmost faith in the future prospects.

Two months later there was an application for the winding-up of the company, which was adjourned on the offer of a scheme of reconstruction.

Briefly, their scheme entails the reduction of the company's capital from £500,000 to £6,600.

Shareholders have received letters from an individual who offered to take over their shares for 6d. each.

It may reasonably be asked, since the company has succeeded in losing nineteen-twentieths of its capital in approximately two years of existence, how can it possibly hope to meet with greater success in the future?

Cruel Slur on an ORPHAN GIRL

AT the present moment there is in Cranbrook Workhouse, in Kent, a girl of twenty-one, named Edith Hatcher.

In some respects her story presents more amazing features than any we have yet dealt with in all our records of the so-called social services.

Edith Hatcher is an orphan. Her mother died when Edith was seventeen days old, and her father was killed in the war in 1916. From babyhood she was brought up by her foster-mother, Mrs. Hopperton, in the tiny Kentish village of Sissinghurst.

Here she lived quite happily until a little over a year ago when she became twenty-one, and the Kent Rural Community Council decided to take her future welfare in hand.

To be precise, a committee of this body and the Health and Tuberculosis After-care Committee, settled Edith's destiny.

Their "after-care" so far has merely succeeded in landing this girl in the workhouse, after an amazing interlude of heartless bungling.

It appears that when Edith Hatcher was twelve years old she developed tubercular spinal trouble.

Loving care, then—

Her foster-mother lavished every care on Edith which her limited means could afford, and she received medical treatment both at home and at St. Thomas' Hospital in London.

Due to the skill of the Kent county specialist, Dr. Grabbam, who had treated her for some years, Edith became cured about eighteen months ago.

The doctor then suggested that Edith should have a period of convalescence, and afterwards a course of training to befit her for some occupation and complete her cure.

Through the good offices of the British Legion, she was sent to its home at Bexhill, where her health still further improved.

She still, however, required kind and careful treatment before she could be made fit to earn her living.

The county specialist accordingly recommended her to the After-care Committee, to have her placed in a suitable home where her health could be supervised and proper training given.

What followed almost passes belief.

In November last Edith's foster-mother was informed that the committee had had some trouble in finding a suitable training-home for the girl, but had "at last found one at Dartford."

—On to the workhouse

On December 2 the secretary wrote saying she would call for the girl, mentioning also "It is really a very good training-home, and *she is lucky to be able to go there.*"

Mrs. Hopperton was not given the girl's address for three weeks—until after she had written to the committee and asked for it.

Her anxiety and suspicions were already aroused by a letter from the girl in which she spoke of wearing a uniform and other matters which hinted at some restraint.

Edith: "probably to be branded as a mental deficient"

At last Mrs. Hopperton was given Edith's address. It was St. Mary's Home, Stone-by-Dartford, Kent.

To her astonishment and grief she learned from a neighbour that it was a home for delinquent women under the First Offenders Act.

We can confirm that, for in a standard work of reference it is described as "a rescue home for fallen women and girls."

This was the place to which this invalid girl with an unblemished reputation was sent.

But that was not all.

She next learned that Edith had been removed to Cranbrook Workhouse.

The committee's reason was that, not finding her a suitable case for that home, the Cranbrook Guardians had taken charge of Edith "in order that she might be under medical supervision with a view to discovering the kind of home which would be best for her."

Bureaucratic branding-iron

Unless something is speedily done, it is easy to foresee what this "home" is likely to be, since the Board of Control has already approached Mrs. Hopperton with a view to taking charge of the girl.

Mrs. Hopperton is helpless to take any further steps, since she has her own six small children to support on a tiny income.

The fate of Edith, to whom she has stood as a mother, and for whom she is the sole protectress, fills her with the keenest grief.

It may be asked if it is not a peculiar "after-care" which takes a patient cured after years of patient medical skill and first places her in a reformatory, then in a workhouse, probably to be branded as a mental deficient and handed over for life to an arbitrary, bureaucratic body.

We appeal to the British Legion, which, because of her dead soldier father, has already done something for this unfortunate girl, to do more, and to arrange for her admission to one of its training-homes.

"A PICTURE OF HEALTH"
—THANKS TO DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

Thousands of sufferers get PERMANENT RELIEF

WHEN you start a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets you *know* you are going to get relief—not just a temporary postponement of symptoms but permanent new health. The evidence that Dr. Cassell's Tablets never fail is too strong to be doubted. Grateful letters from all over the kingdom testify to the marvellous health-giving power of this famous tonic. Nervous wrecks have become fit and strong, chronic dyspeptics freed from pain and restored to hearty appetites.

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—THREEFOLD NOURISHMENT—THE SECRET OF DR. CASSELL'S SUCCESSES.

MARVELLOUS MESSAGES OF NEW HEALTH—Read them.

STAFFORD MAN'S AMAZING RECOVERY

". . . . I was getting very thin, had lost my appetite and could not sleep at night for fear. I used to perspire for dread of nightfall. Furthermore I was losing confidence and could not concentrate on work. . . . Eventually I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets; and I can truly say that after using contents of first carton I felt a great change. I continued and became myself again. I gained flesh, appetite and my usual confidence." — *O. B. Proverbs, 89, Hednesford Road, Rawnsley, Stafford.*

BIRMINGHAM BOY'S ST. VITUS DANCE

"My boy had St. Vitus Dance, which rendered him incapable of speech, affecting sight and hearing, and with terrible twitching of the limbs. For four months he lay in a critical condition. *Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and at the end of the first bottle, he had regained speech, sight and hearing.* After three bottles the trouble passed away completely." *Mrs. M. Baker, 57, Kitchener Road, Selly Park, Birmingham.*

WATFORD GIRL'S TERRIBLE HEADACHES

"I was suffering from concussion a little while ago, and for weeks afterwards my head was terrible. I did not know what to do for pain; nothing I took seemed to do it any good, and then I tried your Dr. Cassell's Tablets; the first bottle brought relief, and now have no pains and feel different altogether." *Miss O. Pearce, 5, Roberts Road, Watford.*

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS give certain relief from

—HEADACHES
—BREAKDOWN
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YEAST FOR VITAMINS

There is pure medicinal yeast in Dr. Cassell's Tablets, prepared so as to ensure maximum vitamin content. In all there are 19 specially chosen ingredients, each with a definite health-giving duty.

Triple Treatment that reaches the whole system.

Dr. CASSELL'S Tablets succeed where other tonic fail, because they act on the whole system in three distinct ways. They contain:—

1 **HYPOPHOSPHITES to nourish the nerves and make them fit to fight the complaint.**

2 **DIGESTIVE ENZYMES & STOMACHICS to aid the appetite, strengthen the digestion and thus ensure proper nutrition.**

3 **BLOOD NUTRIENTS to enrich the blood stream which carries life to every part of the body.**

Buy a Bottle today and start building new buoyant health without delay.

GUARANTEE

The makers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets guarantee their purity, safety and medicinal activity. They may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation, and are a curative agent wherewith all disorders consequent of a devitalised condition of the nerves centres may be satisfactorily treated.

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1/3 & 3/-

1/3 size contains 30 tablets.

reynds

TEETH for a FILM COMB

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

"Well fitted to undertake the job"—Sir Edward Shortt

ABOUT four years ago I saw in Berlin a Russian film called "Battle-Cruiser 'Potemkin.'"

It was in those days one of the finest examples of screen technique ever seen, and, not unnaturally, it was bought for this country.

We haven't seen it yet—unless we happen to belong to the Film Society—for it is full of Bolshevist propaganda, and the simple British people would naturally flame into open revolution if they were allowed to see a portrayal of the Odessa mutiny of 1905!

I can only suppose that the authorities thought that, for what other reason is there for preventing us seeing the film?

Are we really more simple and more susceptible to revolutionary propaganda than the Germans or the Viennese?

For there was a noticeable absence of revolution in Berlin where I saw the film first, and an equally noticeable absence of revolution in Vienna where I saw it next.

And the members of the Film Society, in whose company I saw it for the third time, are still pursuing their ordinary tasks instead of plotting an immediate overthrow of the Constitution.

The British Board of Film Censors and the Home Office have not exactly scintillated over the matter of this film.

There is another Russian film called "Mother." That, too, was shown at the Film Society, but the general public was considered either too simple or too fiery to be allowed to see it.

The British Board of Film Censors said, "Most emphatically no!"

But the West Ham Council thought otherwise; and since it has complete authority in its own district, "Mother" was given a run.

More than that, I am told that charabanc parties came to West Ham from as far as one hundred miles away to see the film the British Board of Film Censors said they might not see.

I am also told that now the run of "Mother" has ended, the West Ham Council is thinking of showing "Battle-Cruiser 'Potemkin'" and "Storm over Asia," which also has not been licensed for public exhibition.

And so far there has been no noticeable revolution in West Ham.

There is yet another extraordinary instance of the vagaries of our present system of film-censorship.

Flag still flies

A Russian film called "The End of St. Petersburg" deals with the overthrow of the Tsarist *régime* by Kerensky and the subsequent overthrow of Kerensky by the Bolshevists.

That, too, was shown at the Film Society, and, like the others, was refused a licence for public exhibition. Much too revolutionary!

Now, all of a sudden, the decision is reversed, and "The End of St. Petersburg" is licensed, and is having an open public exhibition at the Scala Theatre in London.

So far, the Union Jack still flies over the Houses of Parliament and the old ladies still sleep soundly in their beds at night.

It is really becoming a little bewildering to know on what principles the Board of Film Censors works, although a little instance the other day shed rather a startling light on what I have long suspected to be its true mentality.

The Film Society showed an ultra-modern French film called "The Sea-Shell and the Curate." It was rejected by the British Board of Film Censors on the ground that it was "so cryptic as to be almost meaningless."

"If there is a meaning," the Board added cautiously, "it is doubtless objectionable."

Can you beat that? Can you understand it in view of the subtly salacious and openly vulgar mixture that bespatters half the American films which receive the Board's blessing?

I think I have said enough to show that the present system of film-censorship is little better than a howling farce.

We have a voluntary censorship set up by the film-renters and the exhibitors which works—more or less; but as the ultimate responsibility for insisting on the Board's decisions being observed rests with the various local authorities, the position is not so simple as might be supposed.

It continually creates absurdities of the kind I have instanced.

Leave it to the State

There is a growing conviction—and, I think, on the whole, a justifiable conviction—that the simplest and best way out of the muddle is to establish a definite State censorship of films.

We already have a State censorship for the theatre, and I really cannot see that films call for any more preferential treatment.

To establish a State censorship would involve no more than giving the present Board's rulings absolute power, and withdrawing from local authorities the power to override them at will.

There would be no need to appoint any fresh officials, for Sir Edward Shortt, the present head of the British Board of Film Censors, is as well fitted as anyone to undertake the job.

All it would involve in addition would be the formulation of some quite simple and sane rules and lines of definite policy for the proper functioning of the censorship.

And whether people liked it or disliked it, it would at least bring order into what is fast becoming chaos.

As to cost, it could be a self-supporting department by charging for every film reviewed. Mr. Snowden might even see money in it.

Half-wits

All censorship is apt to be a little ridiculous; it is all apt to worship timidity and assume that adults have the mental instability of children.

But until film-magnates and film-producers can bring themselves to realise that all films should not necessarily be produced by half-wits for half-wits, someone must keep their vulgarity and suggestiveness in check.

There must be some curb on their astonishing passion for sex and undress and the manners and morals of the poultry-yard.

There must also be some quite definite policy as to what is shown and what must not be shown.

Personally I do not care two hoots whether Russian films are shown in this country or not, but it is merely a matter for derision to live under a system that allows them to be shown in West Ham and not in the West End of London.

I have left to the last the main reason why a national censorship is becoming a matter of some urgency—and that is the question of the effect of films on the minds of children.

The mass of unpleasant nonsense that nowadays passes for screen entertainment is utterly unfit for children to see.

We are supposed to tackle this problem by stating which films may be seen by children and which may not. In reality, we only say that children may not see certain films if they are unaccompanied by adults. The result is that the regulation is a dead letter.

Muddying the kiddies

Children make up parties and troop into the kinemas accompanied by a child just old enough not to be considered a child; they beg the patronage of complete strangers in order to gain admittance; and on not infrequent occasions they just go in by themselves.

It is not particularly pleasant to think of the ideas of life and society that children are absorbing as a result.

The fact is that we cannot have it both ways. We hear and read continually that the screen is the greatest educative force that the world has ever known—and that is no doubt true.

We must face up squarely to the corollary of that, and admit that the force is just as great and the effect just as tremendous when the matter put on the screen is frequently subversive of ordinary decency and morality.

It is because of the potency of the film—a potency far in advance of any other medium—that we need to keep a somewhat strict watch over it.

There is no other way than to put the censorship on a logical national footing if we are to do the job effectively.

They wavered about "The End of St. Petersburg," but it's running now—and there haven't been any policemen shot yet. Here's a scene from the film

The Human Machine

WANTED—A *Fairy Godmother*

THERE is a great and a growing tendency nowadays to say that life is dull, sordid and materialistic. To hear the majority of everyday conversations you might think that all the joy had gone from the earth and life held nothing but mere existence.

Is it true? Or is it merely that we are surfeited with new wonders and jaded with novelty? Are we not, in this age of miracles, coming to take just a little too much for granted?

Life is what it has always been. It is good or bad, dull or interesting, drab or colourful, just as we choose to make it.

"Nothing endures," said the philosopher, "but the eternal commonplace"—and we should do well to remember that happiness and contentment are flowers that grow very close to the ground.

There is a great secret in life which few even seem to learn. What makes life happy or sad, common or gorgeous is—you. Nothing else; no one else; you alone can colour life as you would see it.

If you live in a cottage and waste your time envying the millionaire in his palace how can you expect to see anything in your cottage but a prison? The eyes see what the mind thinks. Think right and you will see right.

It is better to chase rainbows than to live with regrets; it is more profitable to grasp at dreams than to sneer at enthusiasms; it is cynicism and not mere years that bring on age.

"What you want," wrote a wise man to a disgruntled youngster, "is not a rich uncle, but a fairy godmother."

Do you see what he meant?

'That's a good idea.. *to take your pictures–one–two–three–like this! It's almost like a movie.'* Begin now, and whenever there's a bit of extra happiness confide it to your Kodak—just as you might put a new sixpence in a child's money box! What a fortune of memories you will have in the years to come! ¶Thrifty little Kodak! Storing up all the sunshine! Bottling up all the best wine of life! Keeping youth ever young.

The New 'BROWNIE' JUNIOR NO. 2—*a little gem of construction—neatness and efficiency itself—will give you perfect pictures. And costs but* 8/6

TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU

¶ PRICES FROM EIGHT AND SIXPENCE TO FIFTY POUNDS

Without Fear or Favour

SPECTRE of the SLUM WAR

WE offer not the slightest apology for hitting out once again at the slum evil and all it implies—the calculated degradation of our own people, the foul blot upon that which is euphoniously termed our civilisation.

The Slum Clearance Bill now before Parliament leaves us absolutely cold. It will chip a few corroded splinters off the slums and provide a few alternative dwellings, in which poor people cannot afford to live.

Here is no great national move, involving even a mite of self-sacrifice. We are to go on tinkering—tinkering—tinkering.

When he moved the Bill to its second reading, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health, said:

"The marvel is that so much good comes out of such surroundings," speaking feelingly of the courageous women, fighting one long battle against the slime and filth of a slum environment."

He might have said far more. He might have spoken of the tragic miracles performed daily in the homes of the poor—miracles of keeping body and soul together on the slenderest of incomes and in the vilest surroundings.

Much of the misery existing to-day is undoubtedly attributable to the fact that money is being paid in excessive rentals which ought to provide nourishing food, home comforts and warm clothing.

Not enough to eat

LABOURERS and artisans once paid from 3s. to 7s. 6d. for a sheltering roof; they are now being called upon to pay anything from 17s. to 22s. 6d.; but wages have not soared in proportion.

There are countless fathers of families working and earning to their fullest ability who return each evening to impoverished homes and wives and children who are insufficiently nourished.

These men are honest, hard-working fellows; their wives are heroines who are for ever juggling with domestic budgets that leave debit-balances after rent has been paid.

We know of a labourer, whose weekly wage is 50s. normally, though it is always liable to deductions for time lost in bad weather.

His rent is 21s. 3d., thus leaving him 28s. 9d. to support a wife and four children.

A war widow, residing off the Clapham Road in South London, pays 35s. for two furnished rooms. She has four children, and as rather more than half her income goes in rent, her struggles can easily be imagined.

Worse still is the plight of a family of seven, occupying one furnished room off the Kennington Road in the same district. The father's weekly wage is 55s., less insurance contributions. His one room costs him 20s.

A general labourer, whose earnings seldom exceed £2 weekly, pays 11s. 6d. for a third-floor room, the boards of which are covered with scraps of old linoleum and sacking. One of the two chairs lacks a seat; yet in this hovel his wife and four little ones make their home.

A tenement-house with nine rooms in Camberwell houses thirty-one persons. One family consists of a father, mother and thirteen children. They have to exist on an ex-Service pension of £1 a week.

One back room is occupied by a father, mother and five children. It is so small that the table is lifted on to the bed while meals are being cooked.

In all the cities

AT Dagenham, in Essex, a couple whose income is 47s. 6d. a week, have seven children to support. Their rent is 16s. 9d. weekly; 4s. goes in fares. They are thus left with 26s. 9d. with which to clothe and feed nine persons.

It is not only in London and the immediate suburbs that such conditions prevail. The same pitiful stories can be told of the provincial towns and cities.

A case is known to us at Sheffield in which seven families are living in one house. The premises are overrun with mice; there is no gas; the floors have gaping holes in them.

The only water supply is on the ground-floor, and a solitary lavatory in the yard has to serve for thirty-one adults and children of both sexes.

It would be difficult to picture worse conditions. Yet the various sub-tenants are paying between them £4 a week for this unspeakable accommodation. The rent of the whole house is 22s. 6d.

In another case at Nottingham a woman who rents a house for 10s. a week sub-lets six rooms for £2 10s.

How can such grievous things be?

The sorry truth is that houses erected since April 2, 1919, do not come under the Rent Restrictions Act, and landlords may charge any figure they choose.

In the same way, houses reconstructed into self-contained flats do not come under the Act, and landlords may charge anything they like, irrespective of the previous rental value of the whole house.

That is the aspect of the slum problem, which must be tackled at once.

It is a tragic truism to say that every shilling paid in excessive rent is a shilling less for necessities; but that represents the crux of the whole scandal.

Even in the remote country parts the same thing prevails.

We know a small town in Wiltshire where the local authorities have erected some 300 houses. The highest wage paid to a labourer in these parts is £2 2s. a week.

Yet these new houses are being offered at a rental of 18s. 9d. That means that labourers are being expected to put down nearly 50 per cent. of their earnings for a shelter.

All the examples we have quoted above are fairly representative, and it will be seen at once that miracles must constantly be performed by people so unhappily circumstanced.

Consider carefully the weekly bills of one housewife, with a family of six to scheme for. When the rent of 17s. 8d. and the fares of the breadwinner are paid, exactly 28s. 6d. remains.

A few bones and pieces of meat for stew all the week cost 5s. 8d. Two loaves a day cost 4s. 8d.; milk costs 4s. 1d. The greengrocer takes 3s.

Coals, tea, sugar, margarine, jam for the little ones. The bill must not exceed 11s. 1d. weekly. But stay! food must be drastically cut down unless the family is to go naked.

Wonderful women

IT is impossible to explain how it is done. The mysteries of the poor housewife's budget will never be fully understood. She herself would find it difficult to explain.

The scandal is that any family should be expected to achieve the impossible.

Living in the throes of bitter uncertainty, the only certain thing is that they must pay the rent with unswerving regularity.

We have a case before us of a sick man who fell only two weeks in arrears. In the middle of the third week the harsh landlord despatched a debt-collector, who described himself as a bailiff, with instructions to secure payment.

Sometimes, when the breadwinner is ill, the National Health Insurance benefit will meet the rent; in the same way, if he falls out of a job, his unemployment benefit may serve a similar purpose.

But neither of these institutions was founded as a security for a landlord's rent.

Meanwhile, the millions who pay so dearly for a roof to cover them, who exist miserably in ill-furnished hovels, must gaze wistfully in shop-windows, where comfortable chairs, cosy rugs, warm beds, adequate clothing and nutritious foodstuffs are displayed.

They see the hundred-and-one things, "as advertised," that manufacturers and salesmen are striving to sell.

In the shop-windows such things must ever remain, so far as concerns the housewives whose rent absorbs from one-third to two-fifths of their incomes.

Wipe out extortionate rents, Mr. Greenwood, as your first step towards slum alleviation. You would help to revive many industries and banish tragedy from countless homes.

Demolish slums by all means—but replace them with dwellings whose rentals will not swamp struggling families.

Gi
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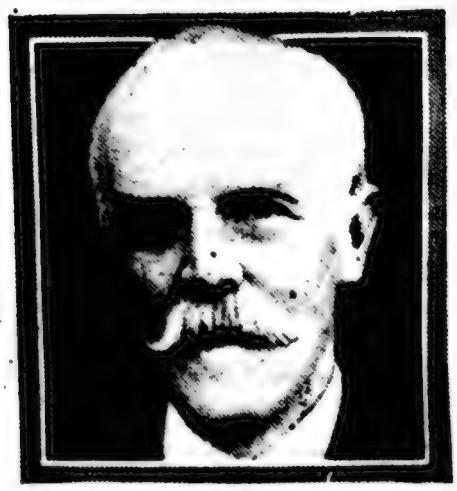
Cup-tie feet—worth thousands!

Sir F. Wall (above), "the guiding brain." Sir S. Hill-Wood (in diamond), "Arsenal's great-hearted chairman"



One of the powers behind the Arsenal—Mr. W. Pickford

High-fliers—"stars in the football firmament"

PUNCTUALLY at 3 p.m. on April 26 a whistle will blow before a six-figure crowd drawn from every part of Great Britain, and twenty-two men—of the Arsenal and Huddersfield—will begin battle on 8,250 square yards of green turf for the 365 days' possession of the most cherished trophy in the realms of English football.

The great game of football to-day is played in fifty countries throughout the world. All have their cup finals.

In Spain a priest blesses the ball on an altar before the kick-off, and they fling the referee, should he make a bad decision, ignominiously into jail.

In Italy, cup finals are often played in private to prevent the public massacre which would follow the scoring of the first goal—a deadly insult to the supporters of the other side.

The United States of America also have their great Soccer cup final days, when £100-a-week centre-forwards shoot past goal-keepers worth a small fortune, to the accompaniment of howls of derision and "Rah! Rahs!"—both sections being led by "cheer leaders" in a typically efficient manner.

It is safe to say that no country in the world plays its cup final before such a sporting crowd and under such conditions as obtain at Wembley.

That is natural. England is the cradle of football.

The twenty-two players who will do battle on April 26 are all more or less stars in the football firmament.

In the old days individual talent was more striking. This was because the type of game as played then was of a more individual character. Dribbling was the order of the day. Passing was an unknown art.

It was the ordinary thing to see the ancients—men like Cobbold, Bassett, and A. T. B. Dunn—dribbling practically the length of the field.

Rougher then

We should remember the changes that have taken place in the style of playing the game before we make any comparisons between the stars of to-day and yesterday.

Passing has levelled the talent of teams. The modern eleven is notably a complete unit, each man doing what is required of him and no more. The old-time team was eleven separate units.

The game was more sensational—rougher.

Listen to a good story told concerning the late Lord Kinnaird. He was a most vigorous player. His custom was to take the field in long flannel cricket-trousers.

With his red hair and long beard, he was a striking figure on the pitches up and down the country.

One day, Mr. C. W. Alcock, then hon. secretary of the Football Association and subsequently secretary to the Surrey County Cricket Club, called for Lord Kinnaird before a game. His lordship was then known as the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird.

Break his leg

While waiting for him, Mr. Alcock chanced to meet the Hon. Mrs. Arthur, a very devoted wife and a tremendous admirer of her husband's prowess on the field.

Alcock, with great gravity, informed the Hon. Mrs. Arthur that unless her husband played more carefully, there would be a broken leg.

"Well," retorted the lady serenely, "there may be a broken leg, but it won't be Arthur's!"

A remarkable man was Kinnaird. He was the most famous player in the Wanderers, then the greatest team of the day, and the only team ever to win the cup for perpetuity.

The Wanderers won it in all five times, and on three occasions in succession.

But even more notable are the services Lord Kinnaird has rendered to the game as a whole.

He eventually became president of the Football Association, and it was under his presidency that the game grew to its present popularity.

The president of the F.A. to-day is Sir Charles Clegg. He is the outstanding figure in the game during the last half-century.

He is a J.P. of Sheffield, and had the honour of playing in the first international match between England and Scotland in 1872.

Changes in Soccer?—why in 1883 Sir Charles was against the recognition of the professional player.

But he became convinced later that the recognition of professionalism was inevitable, and in the interests of the purity of the game it was essential to control professionals.

The Football Association at that time was exclusively amateur, although it was gradually becoming known that many clubs were importing paid players from Scotland and using them "under the rose."

Preston North End was the first team to admit this fact officially and in consequence it was expelled from the cup fixture.

Giants of two eras

Its action, which aimed to bring matters to a head, produced the modern Football Association, and since then professionalism has been recognised and has become the main prop of the game.

The Football Cup was won ever after by a professional club. The last team of amateurs to win it was the Old Etonians in 1882.

In spite of the difficulties of comparing the old giants of the game with those who will play at Wembley, it is certain that Alex Jackson, the Huddersfield outside-right, and Joe Hulme, the Arsenal right-winger, do not compare unfavourably with the famous W. I. Bassett.

Jackson—"enough subtlety for a whole team"

nts ND CUP

"There was a riot at Wembley"—the crowd on the pitch

Always there are casualties in the most orderly crowd — ambulance volunteers

There will never be, it is said, another outside-right like Bassett. But, unlike cricketers, footballers leave no records to measure their fame. Bassett was certainly a wonderful player.

On the first occasion England played Germany, a German half-back was told to shadow Bassett and never leave him throughout the game.

The whole German side feared him, and the German half-back obeyed his instructions so religiously that Bassett left the field in disgust, walked round the touch-line, round the goal and took a position on the opposite wing.

Subtle genius

Throughout this journey the German followed at Bassett's elbow, as grim and tenacious in his job as ever!

Such a thing could not happen to-day, although it is a poor outlook for any team that does not "mark" men like Jackson or Hulme.

Jackson has pace, astounding ball control, and enough subtlety for a whole team.

His extraordinary gift of being in the right place at the right moment to pick up the ball and crown a mid-field effort with a goal is well known.

Hulme is more temperamental. In the right mood he can run through a field and shoot past any keeper in England.

His methods are of the Corinthian mould, and at his best, Bassett could scarcely have excelled him.

W. J. Bassett is now chairman of West Bromwich Albion, and a deserving candidate for a seat on the Management Committee of the Football Association.

One of the advantages of the old school of football, with its striking galaxy of outstanding talent, was undoubtedly the great all-round abilities of the players. Many of them were able to perform equally well in any position.

"That delicate, supreme artist"—Kelly

The great A. T. B. Dunn, for instance, although a great centre-forward, once played back and captained England against Scotland with tremendous success.

The modern game, perhaps, allows small scope for such positional versatility, although David Jack, the leader of the Arsenal team and the greatest inside-forward playing to-day, has appeared in various positions with credit in the forward line.

It is generally appreciated that the Arsenal built its present team around one player. His name is Buchan, and Jack is his successor.

The idea of building a team round one man would have been scorned in the old days of unlicensed individualism, but in times when a team is more like a machine, results have justified the innovation.

Jack, of course, came from Bolton, and cost, including his transfer-fee, £11,000, the highest figure ever paid for a footballer. On his generalship and strategy the Arsenal largely depend.

Tribute to the King

He has appeared on the winning side in two previous finals, scoring on both occasions, and, on the last, providing the only goal of the match.

Another solitary goal-scorer who brought victory to his side in the cup final is W. H. Smith, the Huddersfield player and English international, who, after many years of loyal service to his great club, is still able to hold his own.

That particular match was played in 1922, and was the last final to be played at Stamford Bridge. The event has ever afterwards been staged at Wembley, and many people will remember the historic first cup game there.

There was a riot on the ground. The fences gave way. Thousands entered the ground without paying. Other thousands of ticket-holders found their entrance barred.

The attendance reached the huge figure of 126,047 people and the receipts were nearly £28,000.

The crowd invaded the playing-pitch, and but for a now historic policeman on a white horse, the results of the stampede might have been serious.

This occasion is said to be indelibly engraved on the King's memory as the one when he received the greatest mass acclamation of his life.

"Famous old player and greatest football legislator"—Sir Charles Clegg

Few who heard it can forget it. It was a remarkable tribute at the greatest popular festival of British working-people.

Of the other great players who will be seen at Wembley there are four superb full-backs — Tom Parker, captain of the Arsenal, wholehearted, courageous and, although never granted an English cap, one of the finest backs in the game; young Hapgood, marked for early selection; Roy Goodall, England's right-back, and Wadsworth are among the finest men in football to-day.

Among the rest are Tom Wilson, Huddersfield's skipper and centre-half, also an England international, a truly wonderful veteran; Bob Kelly, that delicate and supreme artist with an elusive swerve that is seldom countered.

What a job!

Alex James, the Scottish wizard, cost Arsenal another great fee, £8,000. "Boy" Bastin—the Spurs might have had him—cost Arsenal practically nothing, and although some years short of his majority, has proved himself the find of the season.

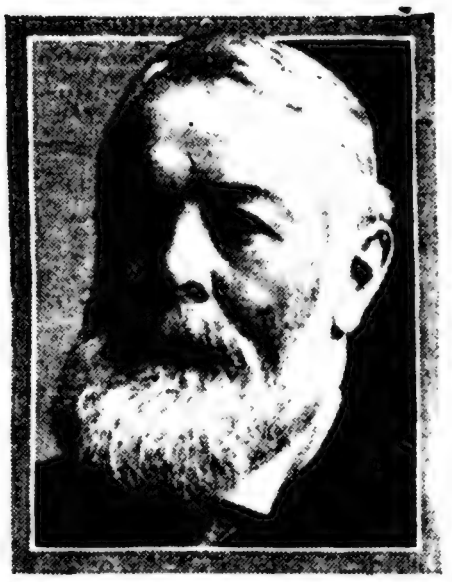
Lewis and Turner, the goal-keepers, are both great players.

What a job! What a responsibility!

The game on April 26 will be notable for its able and original control under Mr. T. Crew. He has well deserved this honour.

With the intelligent use which he makes of his linesmen, the game will be ensured of efficient refereeing. Errors there may be, but there will be no bad decisions.

Two notable chairmen behind the fortunes of the contesting teams are worth stories to themselves.



"Played in flannel cricket-trousers"—Lord Kinnaird

Sir Samuel Hill-Wood, the great-hearted chairman of the Arsenal Club, is one of the best-known sportsmen in the country.

He lost a fortune in carrying the Glossop Club on his broad shoulders. Besides his footballing interests, he is also a great patron of cricket and other sports.

Mr. Brooke Hurst, chairman of Huddersfield, is a solicitor, and one of the clearest-thinking men in the game. He has no use for ready-made opinions, and some of the boldest views in modern football emanate from his brain.

It is true to say that he made Huddersfield one of the greatest teams England has seen, and for a period—a few years ago—a record-breaking eleven which won the First League championship three times in succession.

But the guiding brain behind everything in football to-day is that of Sir Frederick Wall. He is the secretary of the Football Association, and too famous to need any further mention.

When he leaves the scene it will be true to say that we may never see his like again.

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TRISTRAM KEYES' True Story—

THE Turn-Abouts

"I used to work on that paper," he volunteered. "Journalist, you know . . ."

Illustrated by Norman Williams

ANY London newspapermen reading this story will, I expect, recognise Tom Ewhurst, though that is not his name; and Rosie Kerry will be recalled to the minds of many who saw and heard her in the heyday of her stage career.

Both of them cheerful souls, they make, in my opinion, a cheerful story. Tom told it to me that way, anyhow.

I lunched that day at a pub in a little street off the Vauxhall Bridge Road, and at my table had a long, lean individual, who ate boiled beef with gusto, between intermittent sips of lemonade.

There were only four tables—the luncheon was not, apparently, a very big sideline at the "Stag"—three fairly large ones, and one that provided room for only two customers to sit at.

The long individual and I shared this small table, which, when the victuals were placed thereon, just allowed sufficient space to prop up my paper against the big, ungainly cruet.

My companion, displaying an avid liking for mustard, succeeded in upsetting my newspaper not less than four times. At his fourth "Sorry," he felt impelled, I suppose, to say something else, and added: "That the *Gazette*?"

I nodded. "I've been a reader of the *Daily Gazette* for years," I replied.

"I used to work on that paper," he volunteered; "but that was years ago. Journalist, you know."

I was interested. "Made a change for the better, eh?" I hazarded.

"Um-mm. Depends how one looks at it. Better in some respects, perhaps; but sometimes the fever gets me, and I'd give anything to be back at the old game."

He looked somewhat longingly at my copy of the *Gazette*.

I felt inclined to question him. He looked an interesting kind of chap. Somewhat inanely I said: "So you're a journalist no longer?"

"I was sacked ten years ago, and I am a traveller in brushes now." He grinned. "Good brushes, too."

I smiled. "Quite a change from the Press, I should say."

"You bet." He looked ruefully at my glass of beer, and more ruefully at his own non-alcoholic drink.

"Still, all in all, perhaps things happened for the best. Ye-es, on reflection, I think they did."

He grinned again, and I liked him. He called for more lemonade and ordered more beer for me, despite my protest.

"It's queer how things turn out," he went on; "very, very remarkable. There was I, a journalist; here I am, a traveller in brushes. Listen.

"Do you remember a music-hall 'turn,' a comedienne, named Rosie Kerry?"

"The name seems familiar," I responded. "There was a time, some years ago, when I used to go to the Novelty a lot, and . . ."

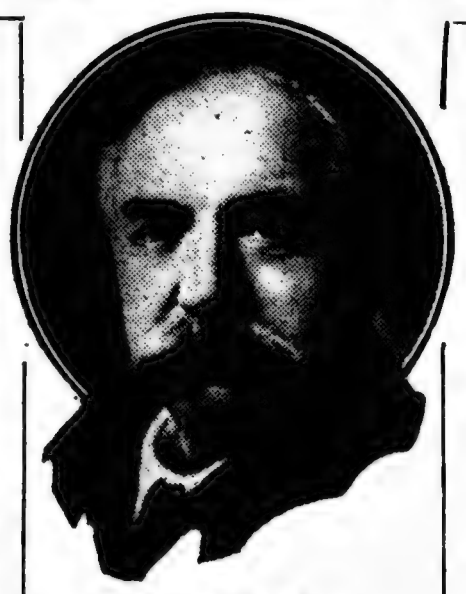
"Ah! the Novelty. You've seen Rosie Kerry, all right. She was a great favourite there. I've been there when they wouldn't let her go, even after six songs. She was a winner, was Rosie."

My recollection became clearer. "I

FACT or FANCY—Which is Stranger?

HERE is a story from real life with a twist as odd as any devised in fiction

ROBERT BLATCHFORD



VETERAN JOURNALIST AND AUTHOR

Writes a charming True Story next week:

"THE TRAMP"

k I remembe[r] one of the songs
It went some[thing] like this:
on the all [where] goes Sally,
With her sa[u]cy little nose up in the
air,
D[o]wn the [s]treet——."

Th[at's] it," interposed eagerly:
the boys they fol-
lowed Sa[lly]
And she'd [s]tare them all to a stare.
She told 'em that she 'ated 'em;
She told 'em she was bored;
She told 'em they 'ad got no chance,
She meant to 'ook a lord!'
Jove! didn't she fetch 'em with
that song!" He eyes lit up
at the pleasantness of
her remembrance.
And her other songs—
'Yes gone blooming
gay,' 'Love me and I'll
buy your books' (that was
good 'un), and 'Percy's
flittering with Priscilla.' Ah! she
was big,' as they say."
"You were going to say . . ."
Ah yes, Rosie Kerry, now. Well, I
was in love with her. I had a bit to do
on the stage in those days—jour-
nalists, as ever, were very handy to
one of the managements, and I saw a
lot of Rosie.
She was a fine girl; good figure,
lovely legs (I expect you saw her in
tights), and she was as honest as the
day. Strong views, too, and she stuck
to 'em.
Well, there it was. I fell in love
with her, and pressed my suit at
every possible opportunity.
She got to know me pretty well
after a time, and finally admitted she
liked me, too; and, for a while, every-
thing went swimmingly. But, only for
a while . . .
I'd a failing in the 'Street'—Fleet
Street, you know. I drank a fairish
bit, and Rosie got to know of it. She
fell on me like a ton of bricks.
'If you want to marry me,' she
said, 'you'll have to cut out the drink.
Not the stuff, and you'll have to give
up——'

He had a [f]ar-away look in his eye
as he spoke. His voice was quite definite
enough. "I could break myself of
the drink habit she'd have
nothing whatever to do with me.
That was a terrible threat, and I
solemnly promised to mount the water-
wagon.
"Difficult at first, eh?" I suggested.
He nodded in agreement. "Rosie
helped me through. She gave me a
free measure of the habit. That
was a sporting offer, and I started in
to make good as the Yanks say."
He paused to sip the lemonade.
"I succeeded, anyhow," I said,
with an eye to his glass.
He laughed. "Wait awhile, my lad;
you're ahead too fast. There's more to
the telling than that."
He went on. It was terribly diffi-
cult to change the habit of years.
Imagine it, a journalist refusing to
take a drink!
The Street was soon ringing with
stories that Tom Ewhurst was trying
to do it. How I tried!
Six months went by, and I con-
sidered I was doing well, though my
popularity amongst the men of my
set was on a lower plane than it was
when I trod the mineral-water road.
Believe me it was simply purgatory
to find myself with three or four good
pals and refuse to have a drink—a
real drink.
I didn't always refuse; it wasn't
possible. Yet I did try, and did lessen
the habit.
Every so often Rosie brought up
the topic, and I reported like a kiddie
to its mother just how I was progress-
ing, and I swore that at the end of
the twelve-months limit I'd be the
proud pin of blue-ribboners.
Rosie, great little girl, was de-
lighted. She had pride in me, believed
in me and my ability and strength to
conquer what she called 'Hell's fire-
water.'"
He lit a cigarette. "Thank heavens,
nobody's ever wanted me to give up
anything. Without the weed one might
just as well be under the daisies,
eh?
"From time to time I broke out, but
at the end of nine months I was prac-
tically a teetotaller. Bad word for a
journalist to use—'practically.' Nearly
a teetotaller, I was. But not quite."
He wrinkled his brow. "Funny,
isn't it, that in being nearly a tee-
totaller, and having, more or less, won
the battle, I funked the last lap? I
wondered, then, could I stay the course.
"And the thought speedily came a
fear with me. Did you ever hear of
the five reasons that men drink? Some
old bloke, hundreds of years ago,
wrote:

"'If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men
drink—
Good wine, a friend, because I'm
dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.'

"I couldn't put my finger on it at
the time, but afterwards I discovered
that my fear was promulgated by the
fact that I was fighting to win a prize
and was getting cowed by the respon-
sibility.
"Oh, I assure you, I became ill with
the thought that I might fall back
after I was married; and the worry of
that thought pulled me to bits. I
became pale and thin; and my work
suffered."
He sighed. "The blow came. I fell
down badly on some special work, not
wholly because of the worry that was
on me, but, weakling that I was, I'd
given in to it and taken drink.
"You *must* know that feeling when
one simply has to find something to
assuage one; and what would I have
turned to but alcohol?
"There it was—I let my employers
down badly and got what I could have
expected, the sack. And that ended
my connection with journalism,
though my thoughts are often with it.
"Things were bad at that period,
and there was little likelihood of
another berth; but some months later,
through the influence of a man to
whom I had once done a good turn, I
got this job as a traveller in brushes,
and have held it down, for which luck
Bacchus be praised."
"Yes, but," I interrupted, "that's not
all the story. What of Rosie Kerry?
—and you drink lemonade; why is
it. . . ?"
He chuckled. "Of course, of course.
That really is the major part, I sup
pose.
"Well, Rosie was playing towns on
a circuit in the North, and so I had
some respite and breathing space for
a time; but a wire from Sunderland
expressed the hope that I was 'still a
good boy,' and reminded me that, if I
remained so, January the first would
see Rosie become Mrs. Tom Ewhurst."
He cleared his throat. "Do you
know," he said, "I wor-
shipped Rosie then, and
that telegram broke me up
completely. I'd failed,
failed lamentably, and
added to the disgrace by
losing my job. What a
prospective bridegroom!
"Weeks went by and Rosie came
back to town. I was still out of work—
the brush-selling job hadn't come along
then—and, of course, Rosie sensed the
trouble.
"I didn't tell her immediately; in
fact, she found it out for herself. She
rang up for me at the *Gazette* office
one day, and they told her I was no
longer on the staff."
"Tough luck," I murmured.
"MY boy," said Tom Ewhurst,
"can you imagine anything
worse or more destructive
than a woman's tongue—
particularly the tongue of the woman
you love?
"And, peculiar as it may seem, Rosie
loved me. That I know. But she
didn't spare me. I told you she was
strong-willed? She showed it when
she gave me my congé. Jove! What a
hard-hitter she was!"
"Did she never forgive you?" I
asked.
He nodded. "Some years later she
did. And, do you know, after that
dressing-down from her I determined
to leave alcohol to more able men.
"From the day she showed me the
door I've never touched a drop. I'm a
lemonade fiend, with ginger-ale as an
emergency ration. Oh, yes, my lad, I
can put up a fight when driven to it!"
He roared with laughter.
"Very interesting," I said; "but I
want to know more. What became of
Rosie Kerry? She hasn't appeared on
the hall for several years."
He roared again. "That's the best
part of the yarn," he responded. "She
married a fellow a year after she gave
me the kick out, and stayed on the
halls about another twelve months
after that.
"Then she sank into obscurity, and
I heard no more of her for quite a
time when it came to my ears that she
and her husband had taken a business
and were running it together.
"So there you are. The former
darling of the halls became a hard-
headed business woman, and I know
she has no regrets that she didn't
marry Tom Ewhurst, seller of brushes
and one-time writer for the Press."
"Oh, is that all?" I was disap-
pointed. I had expected to hear more
of Rosie.
"You are going now?" he asked.
I nodded.
"Come along then," he went on, "I
must be on my way; I only come here
occasionally—it's as much because of
sentiment as anything else."
"But," I said, "what about . . ."
"Let's settle the bill first," he urged.

WE paid our score with the
waitress, and then the
ex-journalist remarked that
he must buy some cigarettes.
We stopped at the bar counter on
our way out, where the landlady sup-
plied him with his smokes. She was
a rather fat, red-faced person, with a
cheery, enveloping smile.
"Good day, Tom," she remarked to
Ewhurst.
His "So long, Rosie," was a very
eloquent finish to all that had gone
before.

Good Smokes These Manikins! Mild, Fragrant and Satisfying—— I've smoked 'em for years.

On the tramp when the old pipe tires, Manikins are a welcome change. For a five-minute puff I light a cigarette—but when I settle down to real enjoyment it's always a Manikin.

Smoke Satisfaction! That's what I'm after, and—That's what Manikins give me.

Sweet, Ripe Tobacco!—Tobacco that's not too expensive for a careful man who likes and knows the good things of life.

You get some Manikins to-day—You'll be as delighted as I was when I bought my first packet years ago.

MANIKIN
CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

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See how quickly *SKIN TROUBLES* can be *ENTIRELY REMOVED!* "Mentholatum" Balm instantly banishes Skin Irritation, Eczema, Blotches, Facial Blemishes, all Skin Troubles, etc. Leaves the Skin Soft and Clear! From all Chemists. Price 1/3 per Jar or Tube. Sold under Guarantee of Money Back if not satisfied with results.

FREE Send TO-DAY for generous Free Sample of 'Mentholatum,' enclosing 1½d. Stamp, to Mentholatum Company, Ltd. (H.4), SLOUGH.

WHEN HUSBANDS LOVE—

Betty.... you're a beauty

You smile happiness.

The same smile you gave when you said "Yes" years and years and years ago.

It thrills me. Just the same . . .

Thank you, darling . . . Golden Shred.

This "Golden Shred" is fine. It's like you, Betty. Always the same. Always radiant. Always the very best.

'Golden Shred'

the world's finest and most delicious marmalade, made only by Robertson, from fresh fruit and pure sugar.

Serg! Scrounge of the Roosters

THE POPULAR WIRELESS BROADCASTERS

The Sergeant, that big-hearted minister of all our little troubles, whether on parade, kit inspection, or in the canteen. He didn't actually win the war, but he won a lot of other things, including every private's love and undying gratitude.

In fact, it was he who issued Military Pickle when our appetites became jaded with rations of bully beef.

HAYWARD'S

MILITARY PICKLE

But Military Pickle is good with every kind of Cold Meat. Its flavour appeals to everybody—not too sweet, not too sharp.

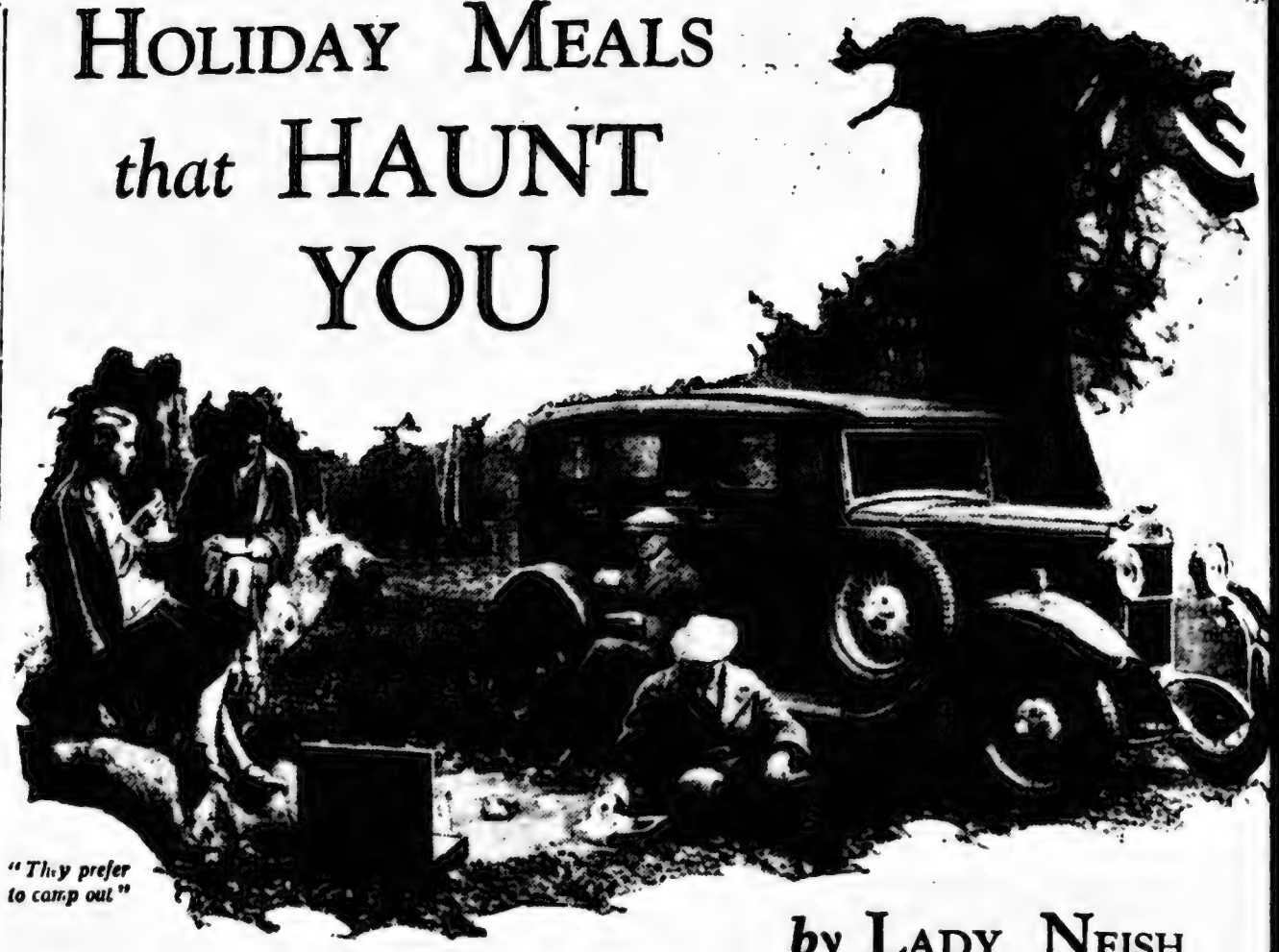
OF ALL GROCERS.

10½d. & 1/6 per Bottle.

HAYWARD BROS., Ltd., KENNINGTON, S.E.11

Makers of the Famous Old English Pickles.

HOLIDAY MEALS *that* HAUNT YOU



"They prefer to camp out"

by LADY NEISH

TOO many British wayside inns or eating-houses, with notable exceptions, are deplorably uninviting places. Have not millions come back from this Easter holiday utterly disgusted?

Twice a year when motoring to the sea I call at a small hotel which has a past history, a dingy sitting-room, a lounge, shabby and unhomelike beyond words, and decorations the last word in ugliness.

No one greets me. I have luncheon—or tea—or merely a biscuit and soda-water, according to the hour.

But what a luncheon! What a tea! Paper dinner-napkins (how men hate them); hard beef; unspeakable salad; hot mutton like leather; cold tinned tongue, or cold, badly cooked, hard fresh tongue; cheese apparently mixed with chalk; rice pudding, apple tart and, of course, the inevitable stewed prunes, and the coffee indescribably bad.

The afternoon tea is worse—stale cakes, stale bread and butter, rather nasty sandwiches and hot tea-cake, perhaps not quite so bad. Needless to say, it is the only hotel in the neighbourhood.

Pistol at head

Such people are the highway robbers, the high Tobymen of to-day. People go there once—but never again unless stormbound or under the direst necessity. They would sooner "camp out."

Country hotel keepers, as a rule, have not marched with the times. They are revelling in the fact that motor-traffic is daily on the increase.

Motorists must eat, and sometimes they wish to stay the night, but hotel-keepers do not realise how many motorists now carry their own luncheon-baskets, nor how many more will do it in the future.

If they are not careful with their pistol-at-the-head charges for poor food they will kill the goose that is laying golden eggs for them now.

Motorists can make the fortunes of hotel-keepers, but even the motorist worm will turn, and, unless obliged by reason of distance to stay, he or she will carry a dainty meal, which can often be had from home or bought at a shop for a very small sum.

Men and women often open hotels and inns without having either experience or tact.

A man and wife set up in a small way. They know little of catering and nothing of the duties of host and hostess.

What are the duties of a hostess?

First, she should welcome you; then she should see you are comfortable and that your small wants are supplied; then she should cater for you cleanly and temptingly, good plain food if you like, but it must be good, daintily served, wisely chosen and decently cooked.

Way to fame—

What about a supper of rump-steak pudding? Not beef-steak and ox kidney, but rump-steak kept just long enough to be tender, English mutton, kidneys, and plenty of rich gravy.

What about real coffee and English cheese, Wiltshire bacon, crisp salad, and, if lettuces are not in season, a beetroot or celery salad or a potato salad?

Could not the "lady's room" in hotels be made a little nicer? A decent piece of soap provided and a clean towel or two?

In quite a good-sized country inn I have found one soiled roller-towel, which I had to pull round and round before I could even find a dry bit—there was no clean bit.

Catering is surely a job for an intelligent woman. It should be a well-paid, highly successful job.

If women would put their backs into it their fame would spread; they would make many friends, and have the pleasure of seeing men and women enjoy the results of their care and thought.

They should cater especially for the motor-cyclist, the charabanc passenger and the bicyclist.

—and fortune

Boys and girls who are used to good, plain food, cooked by "mother," often prefer to take their luncheon with them now rather than trust to the food they will get on the road.

If the cyclist has a girl with him he is prepared to spend a fair sum for a good, hot dinner, with a plain but appetising pudding, but where is he to get it?

Cyclists, owners of small cars, motor-cyclists, and charabanc passengers, would make the fortune of any place that gave them really good food.

They need never envy the people they see going into large, expensive hotels. They are often quite as badly fed.

The only difference is that the larger hotels give you four or five inviting courses.

Here is a sample of food from an important-looking hotel. Soup tastes as though it was made with a bit of carrot and water, tasteless fish and hard, hot meat that when cold tastes of wood.

Then comes that fearsome apple tart made with woolly apples, or plum-tart with some hard plums, a different custard or some thick stuff miscalled cream, hard cheese and the kind of biscuits that no one likes to eat, followed by a muddy concoction called coffee.

I doubt if the charabanc passenger or cyclists fare much worse, yet it should not be hard to cater for them. Most men prefer simple food so long as it is decently cooked.

Food—and love

The great and ever growing travelling public want good meat, a real grill, good bacon and cheese, crisp salads, not vinegary, limp, cabbage-like stuff.

The food-bill might be a little higher, but the profits would soon be far greater.

Boys will take their girls where they can get a really good and appetising meal, for a good meal is often an aid to sentiment.

Women who take up hotel management should understand cooking, prices and food quality. They should also possess tact, patience and that "mother" sense that makes the perfect hostess.

Above all, they need vision, the power of seeing things from the guest's angle, even if that angle is not theirs.

Why should not women take up the job?

Part of their training would be to learn how to welcome guests, to apologise sympathetically for small errors, to insist on courtesy in the office—oh! some of those girls in the office—and to cater wisely.

I love English men and English women better than any other men and women in the world; but I do not honestly care for many of those who run hotels and wayside eating places because as yet they have not learned how to do it.

It is a calling with great opportunities, a matter of business, to do it, but its keynote is the ability to make people happy and give them what they want.

The profit follows.

"Who's that alert young girl?"

ON her feet all day long. Serving customers—answering questions. Brisk and cheerful. Never listless—never tired.

She always feels fresh, she explains, because she keeps her *mouth* refreshed. Her simple rule is—Wrigley's after every meal. The pure cool flavour of Wrigley's Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can. Removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking. Keeps the teeth cleansed. Aids digestion. And sweetens the breath.

Wrigley's after every meal—the mark of refinement—the rule of efficiency. Doctors and dentists recommend it.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

Only 1d. a packet—but the finest quality money can buy.

British made by British Workmen with Empire materials

'Betty!

Lend me one of your

RECKITT'S BATH CUBES!

I shall be getting a box of my own to-morrow!'

Roger plays rugger. Prides himself on keeping very fit. And when he's going to have a bath now, it's always "Betty you might lend me one of your bath cubes." He says a Reckitt's Bath Cube turns his tub into a real tonic—that when he's dry and dressed again, he's the kind of man he wants to be. Roger is right. Try how it feels to wallow in water that's soft as satin—water that pampers and pets you—and turns you out smooth and supple and radiantly clean.

HEALTHFUL and INVIGORATING

Reckitt's Bath Cubes can be obtained in four perfumes—*Lily of the Valley, Lavender, Verbena* and *Essence of Flowers*—from all Grocers, Chemists, Stores, etc., at **2d.** each or in cartons of 6 for **1/-**

RECKITT AND SONS, LTD., HULL AND LONDON

6/- NOW

GRAVES 'ROYAL SLEUTH' SINGLE SPEED CYCLE is unrivalled in Quality and Excellence, & is by far the Finest Value in the World

From start to finish it is of most dependable quality, every component part being of proved merit.

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DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE.
RENOLD CHAIN, HALF-INCH PITCH.

Pump, Tool Bag Spanners Oilcan. Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black and Coach lined for All Black if desired. Ladies' or Gent's Model same price. Carriage Paid **£4.10.0**

TERMS: Send 6/- now and complete purchase in 16 monthly payments of 6/- If fully settled.

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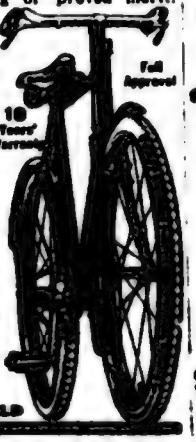
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



How's that Ref? -It's Good!

SHARP'S GOLDEN SUPER TOFFEE

SIXPENCE PER QUARTER

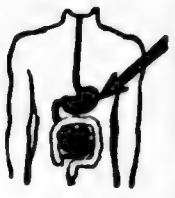
Do you suffer from INDIGESTION?

Acidity? Heartburn? Sour Stomach?

In 10 to 30 minutes, this Pleasant New Drink will rid you of digestive tortures. After a time the trouble ends altogether.

Thousands of people who have long been searching for something which REALLY WILL end stomach disorder, will welcome the knowledge that Wex, the New Pleasant Sparkling Aerated Drink, will immediately relieve dreadful symptoms and in time remove the cause altogether.

No more Pains after Eating. No more Acidity or Sour Stomach. No more Heartburn, Coated Tongue, Headaches, Dull Eyes, Spots and the like. Now instead you just take half a teaspoonful of Wex in half a tumbler of water, whenever the trouble occurs.



To nervy people it may seem strange to take a "Fizzy" drink for Indigestion, but this is easily understandable when it is explained that Wex turns into an *anti-acid* solution *when it reaches the stomach*, thus instantly neutralising the harmful acids in the stomach, caused by undigested food. *But WEX does even more than this.* It also cleanses the internal organs of poisonous accumulations which are the chief reason **why you KEEP ON having Indigestion.**

Relief is obtained generally in from 10 to 30 minutes. Whilst if you take a drink of Wex every morning before breakfast—you will conquer Indigestion altogether. The improvement in your general health is well nigh amazing. Instead of the usual suffering your listlessness disappears, you sleep better and sounder, your eyes glisten, and you *really enjoy every meal.*

If you are a sufferer get a bottle of Wex from your Chemist and start getting relief to-day. Wex is sold by over 9,000 Chemists, including Boots' Branches, Taylor's Drug Stores, Timothy White's, etc., at 1/6 per bottle (8 weeks' supply), double quantity 2/6.

The Red button brands the quality

Every point in the "Lybro Easy-fit" Overalls has been thoroughly thought out from the hard-wearing anti-shrink dungaree to the patent laundry proof buttons—they never come off. And so that you shall know the genuine "Lybro Easy-fit" they have a RED button stamped "Lybro Brand." There are six big pockets, placed just where you want them. The overalls are double-stitched and treble-tacked—a good job for a good man. Buy the overalls with the guarantee.

Your outfitter sells "Lybro Easy-fit" Overalls in blue or brown. Make sure they are genuine by seeing the RED BUTTON stamped "Lybro Brand." Price **6/6**

"Lybro Easy-fit" Jackets	8/11
"Lybro Easy-fit" Trousers	8/11
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If unable to obtain, write to Lybro Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of the nearest supplier.

Cut for Comfort — Made for Wear

LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS

Sixty tons of sugar a day pass through this small room, where it is bagged, weighed and sent on to bond

A delicate subject, the beet is washed in warm water

A FIVE YEARS' MIRACLE

"SUGAR?" "Yes, please, two lumps." When you drop the little lumps of concentrated sweetness into your teacup, do you ever think whether this particular sweetness is distilled from beet?

Most people are still under the impression that sugar is made only from the sugar-cane, which comes to us from Cuba and the West Indies.

They are not aware that, within the last five years, a growing and important industry has been born in Great Britain.

In France, Germany and the United States beets have been used for the production of sugar for many years past; but in this country the industry was practically non-existent before 1925, when the Sugar-Beet Subsidy Act was passed.

Since then, the growth of the industry has been astonishing. In 1924 there were only three factories, or refineries, working, extracting the sugar from the beets.

Only 22,000 acres of British land were under beet. Only 183,000 tons of beet were grown for sugar. Only 24,000 tons of sugar were produced.

That was in 1924, before the great sugar-beet advance.

AND now? Well, this year there will be at least 320,000 acres under beet for sugar, more than fourteen times the amount in 1924.

There are at present nineteen factories in existence for the making of beet-sugar, instead of three as in 1924. And they need two million tons of beet every season for their output.

These nineteen factories produce 290,000 tons of sugar, which is a quantity sufficient to supply fully the nation's needs for two whole months.

It is the aim and wish of the friends of the sugar-beet industry to make this country entirely self-sufficient, so far as its sugar needs are concerned.

By the way, in 1924 the price of beet-sugar per ton was 52s. 4d. By 1929 it was 52s. 9d., it is true, but one-third of the subsidy had been taken off in the meantime. That is an important point to remember.

Why were they able to decrease the subsidy by one-third? Because—and this is part of the miracle of beet-raising—the average sugar-content of the beet had increased.

There is more sugar now in the beet than there was six years ago. How is that? you will ask. The answer is: Education.

The beet-growers have been experimenting, aided by the scientific research department of the Ministry of Agriculture.

But 290,000 tons of sugar was not all which they got out of the useful beet in 1929.

As a little side-line, they also extracted 72,000 tons of molasses.

There remained 138,000 tons of beet-pulp—and dried beet-pulp is very valuable foodstuff for cattle, and especially for milch-cows.

The beet factories, during the season, employ 8,500 workers. The season lasts from when the crops are "lifted" in October until the middle of January.

During the rest of the year, about half of the factories must close, during which time they only employ about one hundred workers each, for maintenance.

But the other factories remain open and are engaged in refining imported raw sugar.

The beet-crop is usually sown in April. Later, the beets are "singled"—that is, the weaker shoots, usually two, are taken off the plant so that the remaining shoot may grow up strongly.

Persistent hoeing is also necessary in the beet-fields.

Then they begin "lifting" the crop in October, and this goes on until January 15.

Here we have the better of the great European beet-raising countries, where they cannot gather beets after mid-December, and the factories shut down on account of the frost.

Because of our more suitable climate, we can go on for another month.

WE gain in more than one way through this: not only can we work another month, but the total amount of sugar in the beet is increasing all the time it stays in the ground.

No country which has ever taken up sugar-beet cultivation has given it up again later.

The sugar-beet industry is one of the things which hold out hope for the revival of British agriculture.

There are 40,000 growers of beet in the country now. Some of them are farmers who had well-nigh failed at ordinary farming.

If one counts beet-farmers, their regular farm-hands and the casual labour employed during the season [illegible] the crops, a quarter of a million persons depend on the beet-crop.

Why did they not raise beets earlier then, if this is such a lucrative branch of agriculture?

It was impossible before the subsidy because there were no factories [illegible] very few. And no one would put up a factory unless he felt he could pay the substantial price the farmer demanded for his beet.

BEET is an expensive crop [illegible] so there was a kind of vicious circle. This circle was smashed by the Subsidy Act. The great need was stability.

The refiners had to have regularity of supply from the farmers so that they would be justified in the capital expenditure on their factories.

The usual thing is for the factory to have a three-year contract with the farmer for beet.

The Subsidy Act guaranteed 19s. 6d. for each hundredweight of sugar for the first four years; then 13s. for the next three years; and in [illegible] drop to 6s. 6d.

Conditions of work and wages are influenced by the slack periods and seasons.

In some parts the casual labour for "pulling" in beet is unobtainable locally. In Lincolnshire [illegible] Irish labourers are brought over, year, for the season.

FARM labourers in some [illegible] plain that, when unemployed cannot get jobs in the factories. Men often come for miles [illegible] in the factories during the season. Sometimes this means that they keep two homes going.

In the factories the time-rates in various parts of the country are:

In Kent it is 11½d. per hour extra labour during the season they work on a three-shift system.

The factory works day and night and on Sundays. On Sundays workers are paid time and a half. There is also a bonus which may amount to as little as 7s. 4d. or to as much as 15s. per week.

Maintenance men, working all the year round, receive a minimum wage of 10½d. per hour.

There are factories in Lincolnshire, Essex, the West Midlands, Shropshire, Yorkshire, Norfolk, and in Scotland.

In all other respects, the prospects for the industry are splendid.

The contracts with the factories for this season represent 320,000 acres under beet, a remarkable increase over last year.

From all appearances, there is nothing to stay the forward march of this lusty young industry, in which already a total capital of seven millions is invested.

"I warn against the irritation produced by ordinary soaps"

says
S. PESSL
of
VIENNA
Whose Beauty House has served the aristocracy of many nations for over a hundred years.

"Palmolive Soap is made of pure vegetable oils. It is safe for the most delicate skin. I warn my clients against the irritation produced by ordinary soaps. Those who use Palmolive show the best results after our own beauty treatments."

S. Pessl.

28 Kärntnerstrasse, Vienna

The House of Pessl, 28, Kärntnerstrasse, Vienna, where Herr Pessl attends the Austrian aristocracy.

Palmolive is pure. It is made entirely of palm and olive oils, known for generations as nature's greatest beautifiers.

"NO skin can remain beautiful," says the famous Pessl, of Vienna and Budapest, "if it is not regularly cleansed with soap and water. Only a pure soap—a soap made of fine, soothing cosmetic oils—will do. That is why I recommend only Palmolive."

Massage a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water gently into the skin, letting the lather get deep into every tiny pore. Then rinse away soap, dirt, make-up with warm water, finally with cold. And you'll find that your skin is wonderfully soft, smooth, protected against the many abuses of modern life. You will like Palmolive. You will be using it soon for the bath, too, since it costs even less than quite ordinary soaps. Follow Pessl's advice. Begin this very day.

4½d per tablet

'That's me all over, Mum' *says Mrs. Rawlins*

"I never was one that minded ironing. Your work kind of grows under your 'and and I often think you're smoothing out your own mind as well as the things you're doing.

That's the blessing of work, Mum—work you can do and give satisfaction with. This doyley now. It was fair sorry for itself a minute ago—proper down in the world you might say. And look at it now. Set up and crisp and glossy. Shining like a bit of silver. It's Robin, Mum, that makes the work a pleasure and gives that 'igh finish. I wonder where Mrs. Rawlins would be without Robin!"

ROBIN *Starch*

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"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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SELFRIDGE'S

CHROMIUM PLATED CYCLE

Every component part of this 1930 Model is British made and is therefore of thoroughly reliable quality. It is excellently finished in Black Enamel and all bright parts are finished in THE NEW CHROMIUM PLATING.

COMPARE THIS SPECIFICATION

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES | **RENOLD** CHAIN, HALF INCH

LYCETT'S 3 Coiled Spring Saddle | **2 ROLLER** LEVER BRAKES

Pump, Tool-bag, Tools, Oiler and Reflector included free.

Carr. Paid.

6/- NOW

And 14 Monthly payments of 6/- completes purchase.

CASH PRICE **£3.19.6**

Women's Model 8/- extra **£4.7.6**

or £3 now and 14 payments £3.

Send for Illustrated List to Department J.B.

SELFRIDGE & CO. Ltd. OXFORD ST., LONDON.

Itching and Burning Dreadful Cuticura Healed

"I suffered for six months with weeping eczema on my limb. It first started with two or three small spots, and in a short time spread to a large patch, causing me no end of pain and inconvenience. The itching and burning were dreadful, and many a night I did not get a wink of sleep.

"I tried various ointments but nothing seemed to do me any good. I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I can honestly say that from the first day I began to improve so purchased more and in three weeks I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Mary Bailey, 2, Lockwood Lane, Goldthorpe, Yorks., Eng.

Make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear, sweet skin, soft, smooth hands, and a healthy scalp with good hair. A world-famous and dependable treatment for the skin and hair. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s 3d and 2s 6d. Talcum 1s 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

He spreads disease germs

Kill him!

Rats bring their filthy germs to your larder and taint your food.

Put down Liverpool Virus and kill the rats and mice. They die outside. Harmless to children and domestic animals.

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

Wipes out Rats and Mice

Sold in tins (ready baited) and liquid in bottles, by all Chemists. Mice 1/6 and 2/6. Rats 2/6 and 6/-.

Evans Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd., 56 Hanover Street, Liverpool.

V.2

"Tables, chairs, blackboards, ash-trays"—and Scoonites

A SEMINARY for DIPLOMATS

THOUSANDS pass every day a small office-building in Great Russell Street, London, and never realise that inside it there is a school from which graduate practically the whole of our great Diplomatic Service.

"Scoones"—the name is that of the school's founder—is a most unpretentious seminary. It comprises a few upper-floor rooms, furnished barely with tables, chairs, blackboards and ashtrays.

As far as appearances go, it might be one of those brisk, businesslike places where ambitious young men attend to take sales-courses in promoting trade.

Trade, however, is never mentioned at Scoones. The word is taboo.

In any case, what has it to do with our great Diplomatic Service, whose sole object is to protect our interests in hot and cold climates throughout the world? Trade—perish the thought!

Neither does Scoones teach the high art of diplomacy.

"A true diplomat," M. Turquet has pronounced, "is born, not made."

"Suave, dynamic—"

M. Turquet is a Frenchman. For thirty years, since the days of the immortal Scoones (on whom history is silent), M. Turquet has ruled the school.

True, he is assisted by a corps of tutors to instruct his youthful pupils. Some fifty or sixty subjects must be covered. And the ensuing examination is stiff.

But M. Turquet is the master-mind of the school. Suave yet dynamic, kind yet firm, you have only to talk with him for a few minutes to discover what a remarkable man he is.

Besides being a trainer of diplomats, he is a poet, a member of the Legion of Honour and the Athenæum Club.

Now, it must not be thought strange that our young diplomats should be trained in the knowledge that leads to pact-making, and all else necessary to their great profession, by a Frenchman.

French is the language of diplomacy—no other tongue provides that nicety of precise statement which can mean everything or nothing—and it is clearly essential that our future representatives should seek knowledge from one who pipes the native woodnote of their profession with such felicity.

The young men of Scoones, of course, are the elect of our oldest universities. They have, therefore, keen brains and the finest tailors in Savile Row.

And very delightful manners. In all his thirty years' experience, M. Turquet has never been called upon to chastise his elegant pupils or send them from the room.

Kid-gloved ragging

They are, in fact, allowed to smoke the best cigarettes without rebuke, and sometimes subtle ragging has been known. But naturally only ragging of the most gentlemanly kind.

None the less, the well-bred boys of Scoones firmly decline to take life too seriously. They seek knowledge under the dark shadow of the examination-chamber.

Only four or five vacancies occur in the Foreign Office each year, so the Scoonite Horatian air of "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die" may be forgivable.

It is on record that one bright young man opened a language lesson by reading an extract from a particularly purple Continental novel. Both class and lecturer were so intrigued that the reader was bade to take the chair.

Audacious to a degree, no doubt!

But we must remember that it is such a gay spirit that will lighten for hours at a time the close atmosphere of more than one special train, packed with the Chancelleries of Europe, speeding down to Geneva or San Remo, to find those clever formulæ upon which, we are told, the fortunes of humanity depend.

But it must not be concluded that every Scoonite enters the Foreign Office keen but green. Far from it.

Some will supplement M. Turquet's training in a certain language, for example, by obtaining a post as honorary attaché to some embassy in a foreign capital for six months.

In this way, they not only learn to improve their powers of tact, persuasion and all-round subtlety, but there is sometimes a chance that they will return to Scoones with an improved knowledge of the language they have set out to learn.

The "ology" bogey

As to the dreaded examination through which, like the valley of death, all Scoonites must past, 2,000 marks is the total that waits to be earned. But no one ever succeeds in rising above the 1,300 level.

French is a compulsory subject. So is German and one other language, which may be chosen.

The rest of the fifty odd subjects are as diverse as they are formidable. They may be taken as required to make up a possible number of points.

Higher physiology, higher-still applied mathematics, Greek civilisation, Arabic, metaphysics, general economics—the list continues on and on until it must seem, even to the brightest pupil of Scoones, that scholarship has no end and knowledge no limit.

What, it may be enquired, is the use of metaphysics and higher physiology to a young man who is merely going to represent Britain in some far-flung capital where such things are unknown?

Very little possibly. But these terrifying obstacles are set up to exclude all but the finest and keenest brains. Only the best can survive.

A young man lacking in learning but rich in rougher-hewn qualities such as initiative and resource and that grosser ability which might easily lead him to dabble in the [illegible] suits of trade and commerce [illegible] sarily ploughed.

And in case the mesh of the examination-chamber should be [illegible] drawn and admit an unsuitable candidate, a *viva-voce* examination is [illegible] staged for a last inspection [illegible] victors.

It is no exaggeration [illegible] even the most finished product of Scoones, boasting that Olympian calm and detachment that comes of [illegible] years of easy living, quails at the prospect of the *viva-voce*.

The result may just be the difference between a pass and a plough.

The vacant chair

Eight or ten commissioners [illegible] of them old boys of Scoones [illegible] long table in an enormous room. Opposite the chairman is a vacant chair. The distance from the chair to the door is long.

As the door opens to admit the candidate, the commissioners have ample time to note their man—how he walks, comports himself during the journey over the pile; how assured he is or shy.

"Good morning, Mr. S[illegible]-So," opens the chairman. "Will you sit down?"

The candidate bows and sits.

"Always bow to the chair," is one of many of M. Turquet's maxims and as in everything, how right [illegible]

"What's your opinion of the fiscal policy of the Andaman Islands?"

The candidate, till that moment Britannically unaware that the Andaman Islands had a government much less a fiscal policy, smiles courteously.

"In a world of rising tariffs he replies coolly, "I think the present fiscal policy of the Andaman Islands perfectly correct, although, as [illegible] too early to judge its wider [illegible]

It is all nonsense, and every gentleman present recognises it as such. But as M. Turquet has impressed his pupils, "Never be floored."

The commissioners smile vaguely and ask another question—usually of the same idiotic nature. But it is done with a purpose, and twenty minutes of it forms their opinion of the young man.

If it is a good opinion, he has no need to worry for the rest of his life. He may not be a born diplomat. But he is made.

DO YOU SUFFER WITH HEADACHE?

So easy to get quick relief and prevent future attacks. Avoid bromides and drugs that are dangerous and only temporarily relieve; the cause still remains within. The right and harmless way is to correct the cause—Get rid of the sour and acid stomach, relieve the intestines of the decayed and poisonous food matter, gently stimulate the liver, and the waste matter which causes your headache will pass away. Ask your chemist for a 1/3 pkg. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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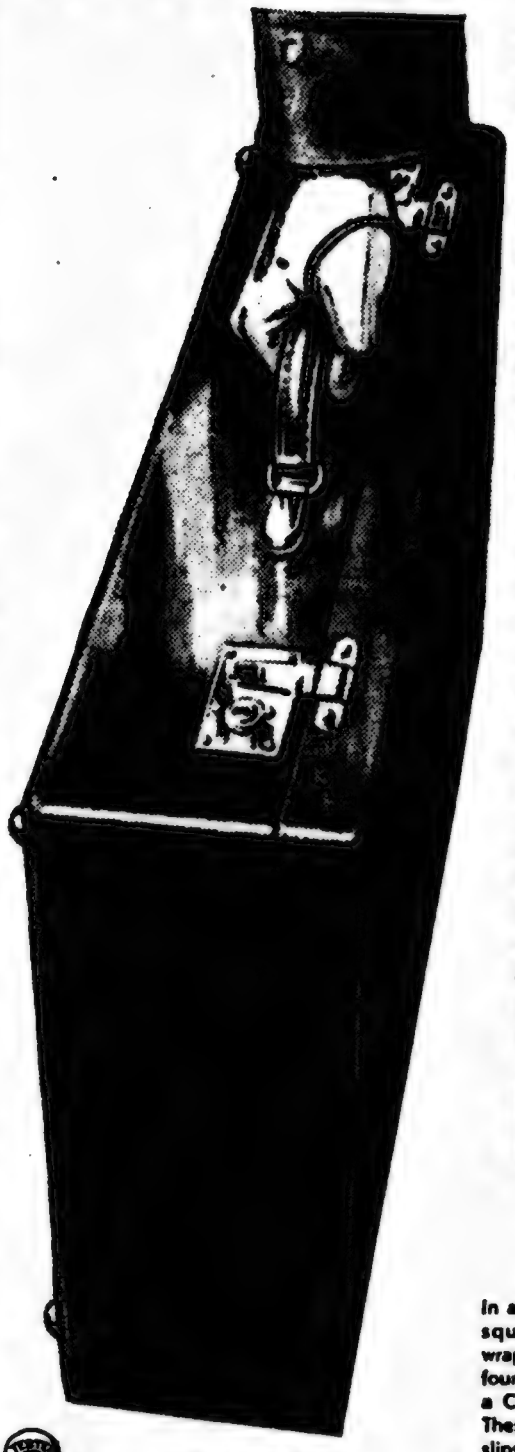

Hidex Suit Case
see description in centre.
Brown Morocco finish 24" long 260 coupons
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'Here's a suitcase that will stand up to all the rough and tumble of holiday travel—a soundly constructed case, thoroughly well finished in every way—and I got it for nothing! We all started collecting Nestlé's Chocolate Gift coupons together.

And the good thing about it was we could all buy different kinds of chocolate every time if we wanted—I had my usual ½lb. block of plain chocolate, Mother her favourite milk fruit and nut—John has a passion for peppermint creams—and May's mad on milk chocolate. There were coupons in all—and all helped. We called it community collecting—and here's the result—already. Daphne's the next on the list. She's set her heart on a smart new umbrella, and we are all collecting now'.

* * *

SUIT CASE *(as illustrated). This useful case, made of the well known Hidex, though very tough and durable, is also very light in weight. Strong locks. Smart brown morocco finish. 24 ins, long.* 260 coupons

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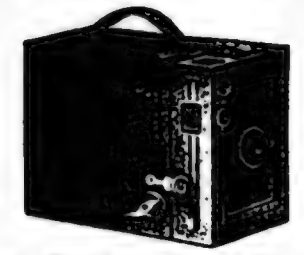

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In most digestive troubles, excess acid and fermented food have a tendency to remain in the stomach until the next meal is eaten. That is why intense pain so often follows immediately after eating. Digestive disturbances of this kind can be absolutely prevented by taking half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or two or three tablets in a little water after eating. This neutralises the excess acid and enables the digestive organs to function in a natural and normal manner, so that the food is completely digested before your next meal. Every chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1s. 3d. a package, and if you will take it as directed you will quickly gain freedom from digestive pain and discomfort.

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Of special importance in this issue, is the attention of readers drawn to the following:—Sample Box of Gibbs Dentifrice, etc., on page 36. Free Sample of Elasto and free booklet on page 29. Allan Cooper's free offer on page 29. Free Presentation List of Free Gifts by Nestlé's on page 27. Free Sample of Colgate's Dental Cream on page 2. Barry's Tailoring offer on page 12, and many excellent Cycle offers.

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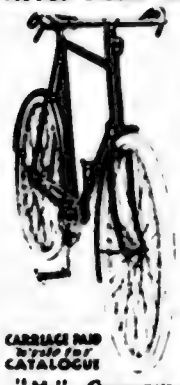

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CORNS, CALLOUSES
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A small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a basin of hot water produces highly *medicated* and *oxygenated* foot bath. Rest your feet in this for ten minutes and you will then be able to remove the hardest corn or callous with the tips of the fingers. Be sure you get Reudel Bath Saltrates in the YELLOW PACKET. 1/6 and 2/6 at all chemists. *Money refunded in full if not satisfied.*

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to have the best possible cigarette at the price of a gasper."
ROLL YOUR OWN THE "A. G." WAY
You'll get a more enjoyable smoke and save money on every cigarette—but always roll with

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS
The BEST the world produces.

In Fear of a MODERN WITCH

MY wife was acquainted with a woman who had a reputation locally of being a fortune-teller and a witch, and one ill-omened day she asked this person to "read the cards" for us.

I was none too well pleased at the notion, because some time before, quite unwittingly, I had deeply offended this woman, and I feared she would expend her spleen in foretelling evil fortune.

My fears were well founded. When the cards were "read," the woman told my wife that she would bear another child and that it would be a cripple.

This so terrified my wife, who knew herself expectant, that I went full of anger to the fortune-teller and gave her a thorough tongue-lashing.

She retaliated by flying into a diabolic rage. She cursed me and prophesied that I should experience a succession of accidents and finally die a painful and lingering death.

Snapping my fingers at her, I went home, coaxed my wife into treating the whole affair as pure humbug, and promptly forgot all about it.

Three weeks later I was knocked down and severely injured by a runaway horse. After a month in hospital I returned to work. Three weeks later I was involved in an accident with machinery and again was carried to hospital.

Discharged again, death actually made a grab at me as I was going home when a taxi almost struck me.

My escape was but temporary, for the first time I went out for a motor-drive I collided at a cross-roads and was picked up, maimed and bleeding.

Meantime, our child has arrived, and to all appearances is a normal and healthy child.

But I am obsessed by the awful fear that I am, in some indefinable manner, marked out for an evil fate which sooner or later will overtake me.

"HUMANIST" says: So long as you indulge fear you weaken the nerve and good judgment you need to avoid accidents. To report fortune-tellers to the police would be more sensible than worrying over their impotent curses.

THE SNOB-CROOK
brothers

A YOUNG man holding a good position in a large manufacturing concern, I live with eight other fellows in a high-class boarding-house just outside the city.

Three weeks ago the proprietress mentioned that another boarder had been accommodated. When I saw him I found to my horror that he was my younger brother masquerading under an assumed name.

My brother is a thorough-paced scamp. He has been in prison several times, once for obtaining money by fraud.

He made no motion of recognition at breakfast, and the moment I could get a word with him alone I begged him to keep the relationship a secret. He agreed with alacrity It was as much to his interest as to mine, he said.

But I am growing most uneasy. What his interests are I can only surmise, but night after night, when we meet in the common-room, he holds his fellow-boarders spell-bound with tales of "money for jam" from the wonderful concerns he is interested in.

Thoroughly cultured in his manner, he is attracting confidence, and two at least of the men have entrusted him with substantial sums to invest.

Now our landlady talks openly of giving him £300 to invest for her.

How can I put her on her guard without an exposure of my brother's past and our relationship? For rather than risk that shame and disgrace I would leave the place without a word.

"HUMANIST" says: Don't be a snob. Your brother is using his knowledge of the household to fleece it. If you cannot head him off, then it is your duty to warn his intended victims.

Otherwise you will stand a good chance of arrest as an accomplice when his frauds are discovered.

IN A RUT
with mud in his eyes

THOUGH I have a good home, with a kind father and mother, where we work our own small farm, I cannot face the idea of remaining in this groove.

My parents expect me to follow in their footsteps, but, frankly, I hate the work and cannot take the slightest interest in it. I fret at my environment as though it was a prison.

Determined to get out of it and fit myself for a career, I took up a correspondence course of study for one of the more scientific professions.

At the end of the lessons I failed in the qualifying examination, through no lack of application to study, but from sheer want of knowledge of its practical side. Now I am faced with the problem of what to do next.

If I stick here I shall be in the same rut ten years hence. The thought of remaining a clod is like a cloud over me.

"HUMANIST" says: Read, and apply your knowledge to your present job.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

Science is badly wanted in land-cultivation. Lack of imagination is your bugbear. No man need be a clod who refuses to work cloddishly.

CAVE-MAN CAD,
yet she loves him

MY husband has antiquated ideas on sex. In revolt at modern ideas, he takes every opportunity of insulting and humiliating me before other people.

He is quite open about his policy, explaining that "if once a man allows a woman's tears to influence or soften him, he's done as things are today."

Man, he declares, was created to be woman and keep her in her proper place. Sex equality is a myth, and where professed is merely a sign that the he-man is weakening in the spine and at the knee-joints.

He keeps me short of money on principle, though very good at needless spending himself.

I love my husband, and in need could lay down my life for him, but cannot endure this daily repression.

Can you give me some courage to break away, or otherwise advise me how to alter things?

"HUMANIST" says: So you love your tyrant. The remedy is in your own hands—or has the modern wife lost the art of handling these "terrible" he-men?

When he is cad enough to humiliate you before others, just walk away home without a word.

JOCK RUTHERFORD'S
Wembley Winner

Matches played on April 26

ENGLISH CUP FINAL.—At Wembley.
ARSENAL v. Huddersfield Town.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE.—Division I.
ASTON VILLA v. West Ham United.
DERBY COUNTY v. Newcastle United.
EVERTON v. Sheffield United.
LEEDS UNITED v. Manchester United.
MANCHESTER CITY v. Blackburn Rov.
PORTSMOUTH v. Middlesbrough.
SHEFFIELD WED. v. Grimsby Town.
Sunderland v. Birmingham.

Division II.
BRADFORD CITY v. Barnsley.
Bristol City v. Notts Forest.
CARDIFF CITY v. Bury.
Charlton Athletic v. Southampton.
Hull City v. Tottenham Hotspur.
Notts County v. OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
PRESTON NORTH END v. Chelsea.
READING v. Millwall.
STOKE CITY v. West Bromwich Albion.
Swansea Town v. Blackpool.
WOLVERHAMPTON WAND. v. Bradford.

Division III. (South).
BOURNEMOUTH v. Clapton Orient.
CRYSTAL PALACE v. Plymouth Argyle.
EXETER CITY v. Newport
FULHAM v. Brighton and
GILLINGHAM v. Merthyr
LUTON TOWN v. Coventry
NORTHAMPTON v. Torquay
NORWICH CITY v. Swindon
QUEEN'S PARK R. v. Bris
SOUTHEND UNITED v. Wa
Walsall v. BRENTFORD.

Division III. (North)
ACCRINGTON STANLEY v.
Chesterfield v. STOCKPORT
DONCASTER ROVERS v. Y
HARTLEPOOLS U. v. Crew
LINCOLN CITY v. New Bri
ROTHERHAM UNITED v. W
SOUTH SHIELDS v. Carlis
Tranmere Rovers v. PORT

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Division II
Montrose v. EAST STIRLINGSHIRE
Clydebank v. Third Lanark

Capital letters indicate teams we think to win. No distinction is made where a draw is expected.

MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

SIX HOME WINNERS: Sheffield Wednesday; Leeds United; Reading; Gillingham; Northampton, Queen's Park Rangers.

FOUR AWAY WINNERS: Oldham Athletic; Port Vale; Stockport; Brentford.

FOUR DRAWS: Bristol City v. Notts Forest; Charlton Athletic v. Southampton; Sunderland v. Birmingham; Swansea Town v. Blackpool.

YOU CAN BANISH YOUR CATARRH AND HEAD NOISES

I WILL TELL YOU HOW free

You can now BANISH your catarrh and once more enjoy normal health not only for a few months but PERMANENTLY. However long you've suffered I say you can stop your catarrh suffering almost immediately. Sounds too good to be true? Well, it IS true. I KNOW it. I've PROVED it and I'll prove it to YOU, free of cost, NOW.

NASAL CATARRH ORIGINATES in the COLON

Nasal Catarrh **DOES NOT begin and end in the nose. It is right through the system. Nasal Catarrh commences in the COLON and lowers the resistance of the body. Thus germ invaders are permitted to remain in the nasal cavities and *multiply*. Result, closed nostrils and mouth breathing. Germs breed in throat and ears, causing throat trouble and head-noises. Germ-infected mucus from the head and throat is swallowed WHILE ASLEEP. This causes INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, and CONSTIPATION. Prior to the important discovery that catarrh commences in the colon, it was thought that by using inhalants, douches, sprays, atomisers, etc., to treat the NOSE AND THROAT, the trouble would disappear. YOU HAVE USED THESE METHODS AND STILL HAVE CATARRH. Every remedy based on the wrong idea that catarrh is confined to the nasal cavities is a FAILURE, and now you know WHY.**

SOMETHING NEW—DIFFERENT—SUCCESSFUL.

The only way to banish your catarrh is to remove the cause. Never mind what you've tried or how many times you've been disappointed. I KNOW you've not yet used the RIGHT method and want you to use it *NOW—without risking One Penny.* It's a new way—entirely different and successful. Under its influence the CAUSE of hawking, spitting, sneezing, nose-blowing, heartburn, head-noises, nausea, dizziness, partial deafness and headaches is quickly and permanently corrected. No need to wait and pay out a lot of money. You can stop your catarrh suffering OVERNIGHT.

CATARRH IS DANGEROUS.

Catarrh is dangerous as well as unpleasant. It induces physical and mental dullness—undermines your health and weakens your will. Neglected, it leads to serious throat diseases, total deafness, gastritis, asthma, bronchitis and CONSUMPTION. Don't waste any more time or money on WORTHLESS NOSTRUMS, but ask me to tell you how you can get rid of your catarrh and head-noises, not merely for a day, a week, a month or a year, but permanently. Send no money—just tear out this announcement, write your name and full address on its margin and post to-day.

Allan Cooper

109, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Ringing, Singing Head-noises make it impossible to concentrate.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?
Does your nose feel stuffed up?
Does mucus drop into your throat?
Have you noises in the head?
Is your hearing failing?
Do you catch cold easily?
Is your breath offensive?
Do you cough up phlegm?
Is your throat sore?
Is there a tickling in your throat?
Is your memory poor?
Do you get tired quickly?
Stopped-up nostril are a nuisance to yourself and others.
Partial deafness due to Catarrh lessens your efficiency.

DONT SEND ONE PENNY

Healthy Legs for all!

What this Great New Discovery means to YOU!

Read convincing proof below—then write for FREE SAMPLE of ELASTO and FREE BOOKLET

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"Elasto has completely healed my legs. At one time one of my legs had thirteen ulcers on it and I had tried all sorts of treatment without result. Seeing your advertisement I sent for a free sample and soon found relief. Before using Elasto my legs were terrible, but I am thankful to say that I can now go about my duties again as usual. You can make what use of this letter you think proper for the benefit of other sufferers.

(Signed) Mrs. R. DARLOW,
Chain Bridge,
March, Cambs

"Instant Relief and Complete Cure."

"I need hardly say how very grateful I am for the interest you have taken in my case and for the instant relief and permanent cure which I have received from your Elasto when all else had failed. I am recommending Elasto to my friends and I only hope they will make it known to other sufferers. You may make what use you wish of this letter as Elasto not only cures one's ailments but greatly improves one's general health. Since taking Elasto I feel a different woman."

(Signed) Mrs. J. DAVIES,
Devona,
Penllergaer, Swansea.

"Elasto Made Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world and I hope every sufferer will get in touch with you because I feel that everyone should know that Elasto will cure.

"I had tried doctors, the local hospital, a skin hospital and skin specialists, but nothing did me any good until I found Elasto.

"I am very grateful to you for the interest you have taken in my case."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove,
Chiswick, W.4.

What Is Elasto?

Elasto is a wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised. Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay.

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A special purchase of Blue Serge enables us to give our customers better value than ever. We have created a reputation with these fine Suits. We have already sold many thousands, and our customers are highly delighted.

They are **perfectly tailored, well-cut, Ready-to-Wear Bespoke Suits**, trimmed and made in our own workrooms. Suits that are built with character and **Guaranteed to Give Every Satisfaction.**

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Send us your Breast measure and Height. Also send 4/- (no further payment required until you have had the suit one month), and agree to pay 7/6 per month, and we will send you a Suit that will fit you perfectly.

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Our Model Blue Serge Youth's Suits are great value. Long Trouser Suits, ages 14-19 45/- 55/-. Knicker Suits, ages 6-14 32/6.

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1, 3 & 5, Bath Street, City Road, LONDON — E.C.1.

Safety First!
20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS
"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 30 March 1929

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

HAVE YOU SEEN "THE CHALLENGER RACING TOTALISATOR"?
WIN OR PLACE.
DOUBLE EVENT.
TREBLE EVENT and
ACCUMULATOR POOLS.

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE
(Dept. J.B.),
227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

SEND US YOUR BETS BY LETTER
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FULL STARTING PRICE—
NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE
YOUR WINNINGS
BY IMMEDIATE RETURN.

FOOTBALL
NOTHING BARRED
In any League or on any List.
Send for the CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPON for fairest odds.
REMEMBER—"WE LEAD—OTHERS FOLLOW!!"

Our Letter Parliament

My Reasons For or Against SWEEPSTAKES

EVEN if sweepstakes are gambling, what of it? It brings into drab and humdrum lives a spice of adventure, a touch of pleasurable anticipation, and at times an unexpected windfall in the shape of a win.

We do not make the Stock Exchange, the greatest gamble of all, illegal; but of course, when a man takes a sixpenny ticket—then enter Mrs. Grundy.

Out upon her and her associates!—*A. L. Woolf, London.*

Distorted Values

Sweepstakes ridiculously magnify the importance of the events on which the money is staked.

Hence we get the sorry spectacle of a nation waiting half-frantically to learn the result of a horse-race, and yet almost contemptuously indifferent as to the outcome of the Naval Conference.

The sweepstake has not even recreative value, as it demands neither skill nor healthy exertion from its participants.

It merely stimulates the "something for nothing" spirit into undesirable activity.—*W. L., Wimbledon.*

Namby-Pambies

If sweepstakes are stopped it will be one more nail in the coffin of Britain's so-called freedom.

If anyone likes to risk a shilling or two on a chance, what in the world is it to do with the Government?

If the argument is that people are being protected from their own weaknesses, we shall soon become a thoroughly namby-pamby nation.

We shall have no minds of our own, relying on the advice and protection of a body of men (and women) who probably aren't more qualified to guide our personal actions than we are ourselves. —*P. B., Acton.*

No Brains Needed

They are delusions and snares. Delusions to improvident entrants who, forgetting the prodigious odds against them, and despite disappointments, expectantly await the prize.

Snares, because they sap individual industry and painstaking endeavour, the only solid foundations for progress and prosperity.

A "Bullets" prize is won by perseverance, originality, freshness of outlook, and is a feather in anyone's cap. A sweepstake prize is purely fortuitous. —*Bulleteer, Totteridge.*

Make Them Legal

According to Mr. Clynes, certain sweepstakes are legal while others are not, a condition of affairs comparable with our anomalous betting-laws.

It is time we had a Sweepstakes Bill passed sanctioning only those sweepstakes approved by the Government. The entry would not be restricted to club members and their friends, as at present.

A revenue stamp on each ticket would yield the Exchequer an enormous sum annually, and if the Government guaranteed the prize-money, bogus promoters would soon go out of business.—*Joseph Miller, Sheffield.*

Something for Nothing

If sweepstakes were general we should see a perfect orgy of speculation in tickets. The gambling spirit should not be encouraged—rather, why not foster thrift?

It is usually those who can ill afford the money who speculate in this way, and too many lives and homes have been wrecked on the rocks of hope and despair.

Honest work is the only true wealth. Those who unexpectedly receive a large sum of money are often the least able to put it to good use.—*G. W. W., London.*

A Bob's Worth

I have entered many sweepstakes in my time, and a blank has generally been my reward.

Still, I have seen a winner's smile, and, oh! what gratitude.

Naturally, I hope to wear that same smile myself some day; but if not, what then?

If one man's bob will help to bring real happiness to another—and I believe it does—then my bob is there every time, and good luck to the winner.—*G. A., Mansfield.*

Twice a Year

I do not bet. My only speculation is a share in our annual sweepstake on the National and the Derby. It harms nobody, and will provide a few welcome pounds for a needy family.

With what eager excitement does my wife scan the unfamiliar names of horses! Twice in the year she takes an interest in the sport of kings.

Occasionally—too seldom—she gets a new coat, and perhaps a hat out of it. If there is something over for daddy and the boy, so much the better.

Honestly run, sweepstakes are all right. Legalise them.—*J. McLaughlin, Surrey.*

Two B'acks—

As a form of gambli... cannot be recognised by ... man or woman.

Some people attempt ... by insisting that they are ... speculation in stocks ... Sweepstakes are also "sp...

To justify an argumen... a system which is respo... miseries caused by the ... human beings is scarcely ... "sportsman" would be ... take.—*J. B. S., Glasgow.*

Cheer Up!

Who ever knew anybody ... by risking a shilling on a ...

We gamble on getting a ... or selling our goods. If w... and risk what we can ... who has any right to objec... too many killjoys with ... shalt not."

In sweepstakes, as in li... a big part. A little bit of ... the beginning of many a ... life.

The element of chance ... life. So cheer up. You n... *D. Martin, Glasgow.*

Someone's Happiness

Morally, I see nothing ... sweepstakes; economically ... principles are founded on ... sand. In brief, it is a mu...

But I try to be as toler... of "the other fellow's g... cept my father taught me ... was teaching me my pra... long as it continues to gi... anyone, the game has my b... *"Cleric," Northumberland.*

Luck, the Deceiver

It has always been a w... men to place faith in fortu...

It is right that all should ... but wrong to believe that ... the outcome of some cha... luck, instead of the prod... toil and manly exertion.

A sweepstake is a gamb... posed to the principles of ... hope to secure by it wh... fairly earned.—*F. B., Lan...*

• • •

Out of the Hat

A habit that tends to b... and fraud is not to be ad... *Pontypridd.*

What could be a bet... revenue for our Chancellor ... lottery or a Derby sweep... *Woodley.*

Is not one's life a gamb... on.—*"Ino," Swansea.*

What difference is ther... sweepstake and a church ... *B. Jones, Newport.*

Threepenny and sixpe... breed threepenny and six... and this is evident wherever ... flourish.—*Marguerite Mann.*

"Sweeps" help us to bu... the air, even though the ... and crumble.—*C. G. Penny.*

Many a sweepstake-ticke... the courts through the ... gambling and embezzlement... *Scotland.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

26 Points Up!

Major Sneyd trains Joyous Greeting

SINCE the start of the Flat—almost a month at the time of writing—the Code shows a profit on a level stake of twenty-six points! A success unequalled by any other Turf writer.

The winners include Golden King (100 to 8), Tourmaline (7 to 1), Arctic Star (6 to 1), Arctic Light (4 to 1), Darnley (7 to 2), Pot Hot (3 to 1), and To You (5 to 2).

Next week those of us who can spare the time will be going down to Epsom in search of the winners of the Great Met. and City and Sub.

The Great Metropolitan is an outsiders' race, and very often cat's-meat. Often, too, it is won by the same horse twice.

King's Messenger, Father Blind and Annecy captured it twice, in successive years.

Jugo won it last year with 9 st. and is again set to carry that weight. Nightingall's six-year-old is such a good stayer that he may bring off the double, but I prefer others.

Medariin is nicely treated, and is, I think, the danger to Joyous Greeting.

Joyous Greeting beat Jugo over two miles last October by half a length and now meets him on 1 lb. worse terms. This should not be sufficient to turn the tables.

In the absence of Joyous Greeting, I suggest Medariin each way.

Osiris, Bhang, Lucky Tor — first, second and third at Newbury—may meet again in the City and Suburban. Of this trio, Lucky Tor will probably come out best.

Best of all, however, I like Vatout, and if the French horse accepts, I expect to see him win.

As the acceptance closes when JOHN BULL is in the press, I give Arctic Light as an alternative selection.

Watch the Code for winners at Alexandra Park this week-end.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 24, to Wednesday, April 30.

A	S	3	2	E	F	W	D	P	Y	C	Q	R	T	U
I	9	K	O	J	M	V	G	X	B	5	Z	N	H	L

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be.

YN2VREI53 would read BROWN JACK.

"SILVER RING."

MY EPITAPH
by Myself

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject of Love, not exceeding [illegible] are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Department." Letters must reach us by first post, Tuesday, April 29.

Value at a Glance

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

N.C.C.91.

FREE ECZEMA CURE.

Instant Relief for all Skin Sufferers.

You can stop that awful itch from Eczema or other skin disease in just two seconds. This seems too good to be true, but it is true. A few drops of D.D.D. Prescription will instantly stop the most terrible form of skin irritation. This discovery of Dr. D. has become famous throughout the world as the most wonderful and reliable remedy for skin diseases, for it sinks deep into the pores, kills the disease germs, washes them away and leaves the skin clean and pure. D.D.D. Prescription Cures Eczema, Ringworm, Bad Leg, and all other Diseases of the Skin and Scalp. It never fails to give relief. Then why delay? A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO ALL SKIN SUFFERERS WHO WRITE TO THE D.D.D. LABORATORIES, 93-95 FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

Lose your Rheumatism by using Dr. HUNTER'S GOUT & RHEUMATIC POWDERS

Write for free trial. Of all Chemists at 1/3 & 3/.

HUNTERS POWDERS

GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN

Stylish, comfortable SUITS in all the most attractive Cloths, to measure at 45/- 84/- and 63/- Small Deposit and Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for Good Tailoring, Good Style, Good Fit and Good Quality. Spring and Summer Patterns now ready and Post Free, with simple self measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS

YOURS 2/6

SIZES: L. 17½ in. H. 9½ in.

47/6

A really high-grade clock of exceptional quality. British rack lever; English make oak case of charming design; strikes hours and half hours on cathedral gong, having a delightful, resonating, mellow tone. Selling at a price far below shop prices. *Guaranteed for five years* fair wear and tear from date of purchase.

Send immediately on first deposit 2/6 and 2/6 weekly.

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Do YOU suffer from ★ BOILS? ★

Do boils periodically break out on your face and other parts of your body? If you have tried to rid yourself of them and failed—do not despair. There is a CERTAIN remedy—CARBRÆ. Boils are not only detrimental in business life, but also form a serious menace to your health. Cure yourself to-day with CARBRÆ—the three-in-one complete treatment. Ointment that gently extracts the matter; Plasters on which to apply CARBRÆ ointment conveniently, and Special Pills that will purify your blood. Send to-day. Post free 3/6.

COMPLETE CURE GUARANTEED.

HORN LABORATORIES (Dept. J.B.), Wimborne Road, Bournemouth.

A CRITICAL AGE.

Women's Sufferings at Middle Life.

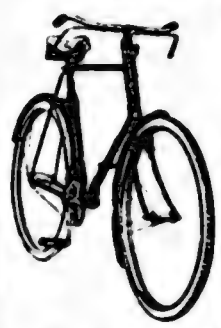
"I am beginning to feel quite old," is the confession many a woman has to make to herself when she reaches the trying years of middle age. But if you are one of those passing through that critical time, you need not think you are too old to be well and happy.

You may have rather lost your grip on things; the old vigour and energy seem to be going; you get tired easily and your legs ache terribly. Often your back seems ready to break, and the pain in your side is unbearable. What has happened is that your blood has become exhausted, but all your ailments will soon yield to the strengthening influence of Dr. Williams' pink pills, because these pills actually create new rich blood, which your system so badly needs.

Take a course of these pills, and the nervousness, backaches, poor appetite and the flushes of heat, will soon be a thing of the past. You will feel better and younger every day, because the new blood created by Dr. Williams' pink pills will give you new energy and vigour. All chemists sell these pills, 3s. 0d. box. JB

FREE. Every woman of middle age should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London.

Rudge-Whitworth



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8/6 MONTHLY

The only machine with the weatherproof ALL-RUBBER PEDAL.

Crescent Model

CASH

£4 - 19 - 6

Coupon for FREE Booklet.

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Please mail me by return your 1939 Art Cycle Catalogue with particulars of Easy Payments.

Name _____

Address _____

J.B. 264 ½d. if unsealed.

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EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashions which includes the newest ideas for the Wardrobe Costumes, Robes, Frocks and Coats for all occasions made in the best style and offered at the keenest prices and on Easy Terms.

PATTERNS POST FREE

We have a complete range of Patterns. In your own interest you should write now, stating the style of garment you are interested in, and samples of the actual materials will be sent you by return, together with self measurement Form and all necessary information. We have 30 years reputation for straight forward trading.

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We also offer amazing value in Furs, Sports Wear, Shirts, Hosiery, and Made and Children's Wear. Our Bargain Prices are for Deferred Payments. Send a small amount with order and complete purchase in monthly payments of ordinary amount. Full approval in your own home and money back if not in all respects delighted.

GRAVES LTD SHEFFIELD

FROM 5/- MONTH

Get on the track now —for John Bull's

£500 must-be-won X-Word

BE a "solution-sleuth." Get on the trail of the right words—track them home to their right squares—and win £500.

Plain common-sense does it. Every clue leads to the reward of £500.

JOHN BULL'S Crosswords are fair for all. Everyone starts level. If you are not in the Sherlock Holmes business—start in now—and solve the "Case of the JOHN BULL Crossword."

Remember there's another £50 for runners-up!

JOHN BULL will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 61 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity, no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims to be entered. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), May 1st.

Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 8th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 15th.

Result of Crossword No. 58 appears on page 36.

An extra £50 for runners-up!

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull," Crosswords (No. 61), 31, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, May 1st.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / — and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, May 13th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, May 2nd,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), May 1st.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 61

Entry Form "A."

JB·61

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

JB·61

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

Clues Across.

2. Scour.
5. Describes a doorstep.
7. Every one separately.
8. You feel, after swindler's attentions.
10. Over, poetically.
11. Metallic money.
13. Prevent.
15. Light a fire.
16. Regal.
20. Done to animals.
23. Length of wood.
26. Part of verb "to be."
27. Metal bolt.
29. Ice-cream man uses.
31. Expire.
33. Stain.
34. Edge.
35. Describes Cup-tie crowd.
36. Cricketer does to a ball.

Clues Down.

1. Frequently describes Europe.
2. North Briton.
3. Our office boy is.
4. Rear.
5. Throw.
6. Grant a loan.
9. Narrow part of the [illegible].
12. Far Eastern coin.
14. Organ of hearing.
16. Heavy metal.
17. Part of a church.
19. Body of people.
21. Parched.
22. Gatherings.
23. Female pig.
24. Level surface.
25. Rushy plants.
28. Grocer sells them.
30. Cereal.
32. Untruth.

Chambers's 20th Century, Nuttall's Dictionary [illegible] used in compiling.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

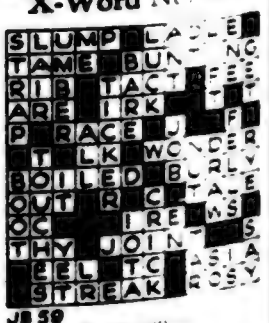
Closing Date Thursday (noon) May 1st.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 59.



JB 59

Result will be published next week. The solution of [illegible] X-word No. 59 is [illegible] with as matter of [illegible] we our X-word competitors wish to emphasise that claims are required for X-word, as all entries being carefully examined by our staff.

THE EDITOR Replies

Write to "John Bull" about it!

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

W. A. (Birkenhead).—"*I found that the man who was trying to steal my fowls is a hulking fellow.*" . . .

H. (Diss).—"The present sometimes makes up for the past." Yes, if you make it to her after a quarrel.

BANK CLERK (Manchester).—"Clerical workers should look upon the new calculating machines as snakes in the grass." Adders?

McD. (Glasgow).—"Are the Scots a flying race?" We doubt it, in spite of the fact that flying is very expensive nowadays.

D. C. (Bloomsbury).—"Whenever I am in the country I feel a lethargy creeping over me." And can't you catch it?

W. (London, W.C.).—"There are over a million laws in force in America." If that is so, there must be a great many together.

W. R. (Purley).—"As soon as I start telling some of my experiences to the man I usually have with he interrupts me by asking me to lend him something." Salt?

D. M. (Ensom).—"It is estimated that every child born is burdened with about £ pounds of National Debt." That probably explains why babies always cry so much.

W. H. (Wimbledon).—"An explorer says that some African natives fish in a curious position." In this country most fishers lie stretched up with the arms outstretched.

R. C. (Swindon).—"When I told the lady that I was an actor, she said she had special terms for members of the profession." Did she use them in her hearing?

D. N. (Wanstead).—"My wife has left home three times and returned again in a week in every case." That is nothing to dishearten the average husband.

R. V. (Ound[illegible]).—"A doctor says that children who practise every day on the piano develop the habit of finger exercise." Yes, but won't it develop the habit of practising on the piano every day?

L. M. (Mountain Ash).—"Is it certain no new species of insect has been created since Adam?" Only husbands.

BILL (Tottenham).—"I called him a d—— liar, so to speak." It was very rude of you so to speak.

C. G. (Spalding).—"Which came first—the egg or the bird?" An actor could probably tell you.

V. T. (Ryde).—"There is no such word as 'can't' in America." But plenty of can, of course.

S. C. (Boscombe).—"What will modern girls of eighteen be in fifteen years' time?" Girls.

H. B. (Plymouth).—"Girls ought not to go on the stage too early." Or stay there too late.

T. D. (Ewell).—"I sent an editor two articles last week and received three back." That was rubbing it in, with a vengeance!

L. S. (Stillorgan).—"After only one lesson in driving, a motorist knocked down two ladies and ran into a lorry." Obviously he was a born motorist.

A. K. M. (Southsea).—"I am proud of the fact that anybody can tell I am a son of the soil." We hope you haven't got your father on your hands.

H. D. (Slough).—"How many really bright letters have you received this week, not counting mine?" Quite a lot. We don't count yours.

R. B. (Poole).—"I can always tell when my wife wants to get money out of me; she comes and rubs the back of my head." She knows your weak spot.

J. M. (Dartford).—"How many members of a first-night audience really go for the play?" Well, the critics often do—hammer and tongs.

R. V. (Guildford).—"He hadn't seen me for forty years, but he remembered my face." We'd rather have a memory like that than a face like that.

J. S. (Carno).—"In a recent football match rival sections of the spectators fought each other." Surely they knew what a referee is there for!

L. P. (Sutton).—"I have been told that every week a thousand people elude the American immigration officials and enter the United States illegally." That is so, but it is not known why.

D. N. (Ely).—"Instead of paying my grocer the five shillings I owed him, I presented him with an oil painting I had done." When are you letting him have the balance?

P. L. (Dublin).—"At our spring sales small-sized women and out-sized women are equally catered for." But the advantage naturally rests with the heavyweights.

PAT (Rathfarnham).—"Everyone must fight sooner or later." Unless, of course, he happens to be a professional pugilist.

L. D. (Canterbury).—"Our cook has recovered almost." Is she sitting up and giving notice?

V. J. (Chenies).—"I ran over her cat and am going to replace it." But can you catch mice?

R. T. (Farnham).—"A man wears his hat longer than anything else." No wonder there are so many mad hatters.

O. M. (Barnes).—"I am told that landladies never waste stale bread." The proof is in the pudding.

W. A. (Southall).—"Mr. Snowden will one day come into his own." At present he is content to come into ours.

C. E. (Crewe).—"The only thing that can cheat a woman of the last word is an echo." Or another woman.

W. S. (Bury).—"If he married my daughter, it would probably kill me." Perhaps he's counting on that.

T. N. (Grimsby).—"Love drives a man half-crazy." And marriage finishes the job.

C. K. (Grantham).—"I have only sent you eight of the twelve articles I have written; shall I send you the rest?" We wish you'd give us one.

MRS. K. (Kentucky).—"American women are to wear an anklet for every marriage." So ankles will now be worn longer?

ECONOMIST (Westminster).—"Why do so few people worry as to where their taxes go?" They're all too busy worrying as to where they are coming from.

MIKE (Shanklin).—"I cured my wife's listlessness by buying her a new frock." And made her so energetic that she bought herself a new hat to match?

M. B. (Jersey).—"Here we have penny cigars." Here in London we have them, too, but they cost anything from sixpence.

PURITAN (Pevensey).—"Gambling is just getting something for nothing." Strange! We thought it just getting nothing for something.

B. K. (Richmond).—"My wife can't find time to play the piano since the children came." What a comfort they must be.

R. J. (Belfast).—"Your *Bullets* Firsts are fine, but I'd like to see more smaller ones." Show your appreciation of this week's *Bullets* "Big Fifty"—on a coupon from page 35.

B. G. (Plymouth).—"My wife says that furs should be kept in the fresh air." Most husbands think they should be kept in the shops

A. H. (Bristol).—"She says that wild horses won't drag her to the altar." Offer her a motor-car. That'll do the trick.

G. G. (Chalk Farm).—"She is ugly, uneducated, bad-tempered and lazy, but I am going to marry her. Can you guess why?" Easy. She has no relatives.

O. P. (Tufnell Park).—"At the wedding the bridegroom looked thoroughly miserable while her father was beaming all over his face." They do say that to give is more blessed than to receive.

O. V. (Hacketstown).—"It is predicted that in 2030 A.D. the London population will be stationary." At present, of course, it is only stationary during rush hours.

G. A. (Harwich).—"My brother, who is a tourist guide, recently conducted a party of politicians to the top of an extinct volcano in Italy." But why an extinct volcano?

WRITER (Chelsea).—"The astute journalist always thinks out one new story after he has been at a night club." The astute husband, on the other hand, always 'phones one through to his wife before he goes.

. . . *It was your turn to break into a run then.*

O. B. (Elland).—"He took his girl for a ride on the pillion and they had an accident." Did his clutch slip?

O. D. (Mirfield).—"I love my fiancé more than words can express." Perhaps it can be expressed in figures.

S. S. (Swiss Cottage).—"I don't know whom he was 'phoning, but he never said anything but one 'Hullo!' the whole time." It was obviously his wife.

P. S. (Hull).—"I am a hairdresser now, but have had to work my way up from the very bottom." Did you begin as a bootblack?

S. P. (Gloucester).—"I told him not to take his mistake to heart. I always laugh at my own little mistakes." What an amusing life you must lead.

S. S. (Hunstanton).—"And when we stayed in Chicago our rooms were very conveniently situated." A revolver shot away from the station?

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

Side-Slips

Examples of ridiculous or unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious typographical errors not rewarded. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2½d. paid for each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

WIGAN EXAMINER: —"Latest designs in men's capes; 3-ply WOOD, FELT and GLASS."

PEOPLE'S FRIEND: —"Soon they were rowing over it at the END of the ROUND table."

THE WIZARD: —"When he saw his mother, his mouth opened in a SOUNDING ROAR."

EVENING TIMES AND ECHO: —"Prisoner is stated to have said, 'I have done it. Late put a PULLET through my head.'"

THE THRONE OF PERIL (Novel): —"Being tortured in body as well as in mind, might easily LOSE HIS INSANITY."

WESTMORLAND GAZETTE: —"A solid Spanish MAHOGANY table."

MIDHURST TIMES: —"Lord Leconfield presented long-service MEALS and bars."

STROUD NEWS: —"Sales by Auction.—MRS. RYLANDS and MR. R. W. MIDDLEDITCH, and a large stone-built Garage."

BIRKENHEAD ADVERTISER: —"The funeral took place on Tuesday. . . . The ENTERTAINMENT followed at —— Cemetery."

WESTERN MAIL AND SOUTH WALES NEWS: —"Subsequent speakers mentioned other workhouse boys who EXTINGUISHED themselves."

CARNOUSTIE GAZETTE: —"A well-known egg BROKEN in London tells us that there is every prospect of the price of eggs being further reduced."

For pure and unfluctuating reception—

Exide

BATTERIES

FOR WIRELESS

The Mother who
CANNOT FORGET

THE photograph below is of a sad little mother. Her kindly, gay-hearted lad, aged sixteen—the only one out of her family of seven children old enough to earn money—was drowned in the Grand Union Canal early last month.

He was ambitious to cycle to Brighton and back in record time, and went for a trial spin along the canal towpath. He never returned.

"There is nothing to take it off my mind"

His bicycle was discovered by a boatman some days after his disappearance, and nearly a fortnight later his body was found.

As the family lives by the canal, "the water," says his mother, "is facing me all day. There is nothing to take my boy's death off my mind, and I cannot sleep at night."

Added to the loss of her son is the worry of meeting the extra expenses. The insurance money fell far short of the funeral expenses.

She borrowed £5 from a moneylender, which, with interest, she is striving to pay back by weekly instalments of 5s.

Her rent is 27s. 6d. a week, which makes a big hole in her husband's wages as a window-cleaner.

The eldest child is thirteen, and the youngest two years old, and she misses the 11s. a week her eldest boy gave her.

Last year there was also tragedy in the family. Her husband was knocked down by a taxi. His right arm was so seriously injured that he was unable to work for nine months.

Not a penny of the compensation he was awarded has yet come their way.

Then, in October, she lost her baby after it had lived one month.

Nothing, of course, can make up to the mother for the loss of her promising boy, but our compassionate readers can do much to help to wipe off the debt on his funeral.

Any subscriptions sent to "The Greatest of These——" Fund earmarked for this case will be given to the drowned boy's mother.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These——" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Anon. (Northwich), 6d.; Airies, 2s.; Anon., 1s. 9d.; Lucky (Oswestry), 2s.; Mrs. T. S. (Dundee), 2s. 6d.; Silly Ass, 2s. 6d.; R. M. (Beaufort St.), 3s.; A Third (W. A.), 6d.; Mrs. E. L. Cooper (Darwen), 6d.; Mother's, 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Reader of JOHN BULL, 2s. 6d.; Mary Thompson, 5s.; F. J. Collen (Lowestoft), 5s.; H. Lovell (Brynmaur), 5s.; A. K. Burt (Plymouth), 1s.; Billie 4½d.; E. G. (Evesham), 6d.; T. W. (Bolton), 1s. 6d.; Woody's Lucky Ninth, 1s.; Anon. (Barrow), 2s. 6d.; Southend Nurse and Prittlewell, 3s. 3d.; Bee Doubleyou (Darwen), 5s.; D. L., 5s.; E. W. D., £2; M. S., 1s.; Unlucky Mollie, 1s. 1d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), £1 5s.; J. R. Stephens, 2s.; For Luck (Carlisle), 2s. 6d.; Miss Marjorie Clarke (Finchley), 1s.; Mrs. D. Webb (Seer Green), 1s.; E. Butler (Maidstone), 3s.; J. Russell, 6d.; E. Radden (Edinburgh), 2s.; N. B. A., 6d.; M. E. Perren, 1s.; Mrs. Alexander, 6d.; Irons (S.E.19), 3½d.; Edith George (Allerton), 6d.; A. E. Youngs, 6d.; J. G. (Taunton), 6d.; E. A., 6d.; N. J. Wright (Canterbury), 6d.; J. A. McDonald, 6d.; A. E. Clay (Brighton), 2s.; Robert Blundell (Farington), 2s. 6d.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; C. B. (Hove), 5s.; Mrs. Lines, 5s.; H. O. W., 2s. 6d.; W. E. Perkins (Aylestone Park), 6d.; Mrs. M. Tuck (Gloucester), 5s.; N. Murray (Tarbolton), 10s.; Miss M. Bloor, 1s.; Grateful, 2s. 6d.; R. H. Pearson (Duns), 3s.; M. S., 1s.; S. G. Gibson, 5s. 4d.; I. M. (Aberdeen), 2s.; "?," 1s. 6d.; J. N. A., 2s.; Rodden, £1 4s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Grantham; E. Jones (Birmingham); Mrs. L. H. (Newquay); Hopeful; Mrs. Moore (Normanton-by-Derby); Mrs. Bower (Cleethorpes); Mrs. Rhodes (Balham); A. S. Siddons; Mrs. Watkins (Ross-on-Wye).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Dare you risk it?

A spark may set your house ablaze; storm or flood may do untold damage; sickness or accident may strike you down. If any one of these tragedies crossed your path, could you call on a cheque from JOHN BULL? Have you signed the forms for our Free Insurance Gift?

We give below the names of a few of those who benefit this week.

Fire—up to £400.

ALDERSHOT.—Mrs. E. Vince, Midway Villa, Upper St., Fleet.
BARNSTAPLE.—Mr. W. C. Lewis, 20, Corporation Street.
COVENTRY.—Mrs. G. Pearson, 16, Edgwick Road.
ELGIN.—Mrs. A. Forbes, 237D, High Street.
HORDEN COLLIERY, DURHAM.—Mr. J. Bennett, 2, Yoden Av.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. S. E. Morris, 295, Humberstone Road.
LLANHILLETH.—Mrs. E. Chivers, 1, Maesycnew Terrace.
NEATH.—Mrs. M. E. Griffiths, 1, Ethel Street.
PENYGRAIG, RHONDDA.—Mr. M. Harcombe, 17, Lewis Street.
ROTHERHAM.—Mr. W. H. Cripps, 30, Cavendish Road.
ST. HELENS, LANCS.—Mr. J. H. Cox, 158, North Road.
TIRYDAIL, NR. AMMANFORD.—Mrs. E. Jones, 32, Harold St.

Storm, Flood—up to £300.

ABERTYSSWG, MONMOUTH.—Mrs. H. Smith, 6, Glyn Street.
CORNWALL.—Mr. H. Andrew, Cuavey, Twelve Heads, Perranwell Station.
NENAGH, CO. TIPPERARY.—Mr. P. Reynolds, Friar Street.
QUEENSTOWN, CO. CORK.—Mr. R. Nicholson, 23, Harbour Row.
TALSKIDDY, NR. ST. COLUMB.—Mr. J. R. Stephens, Pencrennys.

Sickness—£5 5s.

COLNE, LANCS.—Mrs. E. Lancaster, 20, Greenwood Terr.
DARWEN, LANCS.—Mr. R. Leach, 54, Brighton Terrace.
MALTBY, YORKS.—Mrs. J. Yates, 134, Muglet Lane.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. G. Walsh, 3, Ashley Terr., North Road.
STOKE-UNDER-HAM, SOMERSET.—Mr. Ronald Male, High Street.

Accidents £2 per week.

CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. [illegible], 129, Cresswell [illegible].
GRIMSBY.—Mrs. [illegible], 26, Cromwell [illegible].
NORTHAMPTON.—Mrs. [illegible], 12, Harrington [illegible].
PETERBOROUGH.—Mrs. [illegible], Beavers, 5, [illegible] Market, Deeping.
PLUMSTEAD.—Mrs. [illegible], Chambers, 13, [illegible] Street.
SCUNTHORPE.—Mrs. [illegible], Stamp, 6, [illegible], Ashby.
SOUTHPORT.—Mrs. [illegible], Bond, 62, [illegible] Road.
SPARKBROOK.—Mrs. A. F. [illegible], Road.
STONE, STAFFS.—Mrs. [illegible], Morris, 14, [illegible] Street.
SWINDON, WILTS.—Mrs. [illegible], Turk, 74, Radnor [illegible].
WEST EALING.—Mrs. [illegible], Jordan, 6, Avenue [illegible].

THIS BIKE'S YOURS
INSURED FREE
2/6 DOWN

EVERYONE'S making for Mead—no wonder! Compare our offer: (1) Full satisfaction or money back guarantee. (2) Free insurance against loss or theft. (3) Free accessories. (4) 15 days' free trial. (5) 20 modern styles to choose from. A Mead Season all hands down! But you may have to wait unless you send coupon (½d. stamp in unsealed envelope) or post-card for free art catalogue RIGHT AWAY!

LAMP BELL AND TOOLS FREE

Mead

WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS

To MEAD LTD., Dept. B.876, BIRMINGHAM
Please send me-free-your 1930 Cycle Catalogue
NAME
ADDRESS
USE A PENCIL—IT'S PLAINER

Branches Birmingham: Bull St. & Smallbrook St.; 32 High Street, King's Heath; 148 Yardley Rd., Acocks Green. Liverpool: 78 Renshaw St. Leeds: 80 Vicar Lane. London: 37 Oxford Street, W.1.

PRICES FROM £3:19:6 CASH

ANOTHER ASTOUNDING OFFER — Mead Tennis Racket & 3 Free Balls in net only 21/

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 26/4/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to [illegible] agent for the regular weekly [illegible] JOHN BULL. Please register me as [illegible] reader.

....
Reader's Signature
Age .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
.....
..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. Postal certificate setting out the full [illegible] conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B.

HOME COMFORTS

CARPETS, Rugs, Lino, Curtains, Tea and Dinner Services, Sheffield Cutlery, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Piece Goods, etc. Reliable qualities all at the most favourable prices. Easy Payment Terms. Write for Catalogue you want, free. 30 years reputation for straightforward trading.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Monthly Prizes for Happy Snaps.

Get full particulars of the "Sunripe" Happy Snaps Cash Prize Competition by writing at once to Dept. J.B., R. & J. Hill, Ltd., Shoreditch, London, E.1.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

"STILL GOING STRONG."

"I am writing this letter with one of your Pens I had from you in August, 1917. The nib is delightfully smooth-running and a pleasure to use. It gets double the use of most pens."—H. Newcome, Westhill School, Nottingham.

CASH THE COUPONS!

Everybody's cashing the coupons! A wonderful opportunity to become the possessor of a JOHN BULL Pen, with which is presented a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil Free! The Pen is fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Each is accompanied by written guarantee. The Pencil is heavily plated, complete with re-fills.

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.
For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-.
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.
Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & C. (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FIFTY WINNERS WANTED—ENTER QUICKLY

BIG *Bullets* cheques are awaiting fifty winners this week, and your name may be entered on any one of them, from the £350 First to £2 10s. These and the hundreds of other cash prizes in the lengthy list make this one-week contest a rare opportunity, especially for the "plodding" competitor who has never been thrilled by a JOHN BULL cheque.

All you have to do is to add any **TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS** of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* adjoining. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* MAKING A WILL, the added words FOOLISH TO "LEAVE" THAT would complete a typical *Bullet*.

£907 10s. CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK.

FIRST PRIZE OF £400, COMPETITION No. 754.

Mr. B. Warburton, 9, Cheapside, Birmingham.

Example:—ARE WE BEING ROBBED?
Bullet:—CHURCHILL THINKS SO—*Now!*

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. T. Holden, 53, Parliament Street, Burnley. Example: Parliamentary Career. Bullet: Bar *Opens* The "Door."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Miss D. Whittingham, 147, Northview Drive, Westcliff. Example: Sons Of The Soil. Bullet: Hedges Turn *That* Over!

20 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

T. BENNETT, 25, Maesteg Grove, Tonteg. A Fool A[gain]st "Hurt" Crowd Most.

MISS E. CROSSLAND, 24, Low Lane, Birstall. Are We Being Robbed?—Well, Prices "Hold Up."

H. CROSSLEY, 7, Wolfenden Street, Smallbridge, Rochdale. Sons Of The Soil Seek "Birthright," Not "Adoption."

J. DONNELLY, 3, Second Terrace, Clydebank. Trapped Wh[ere]ver Way Father Answers.

J. GARDNER, 15, Grantley Gdns., Glasgow. Threadbare Britain's "Coat"—But Tailored.

E. HENRY, 35, Hawthorne Road, Liverpool. Parliamentary Career—Or Unemployment? Perennial Puzzled. Entered in "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. HOYLAND, 101, Abbeydale Road, Abbeydale, Sheffield. Are We Being Robbed?—Yes—Officials The Receivers.

H. HUDSON, 15, Moore Avenue, Wibsey. First In The Field Through "Keeping On Road."

J. KILLOW, 7, Archery, Portadown. Sons Of The Soil Hands "Clean"—Mother Wild.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1 The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the last being decided by aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall receive careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2 Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3 The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Mrs. C. LUCK, "Barossa," St. Paul's Road, Chichester.
Supreme — Petrol, For "Removing" Pedestrians.

D. MARSHALL, 11, Edgehill Road, Scarborough, Yorks.
Get Busy, Ramsay—Hasn't *Your* "House" "Cobwebs"?

M. O'TOOLEN, Rhode, Offaly, I.F.S.
He Writes Poetry, But — Selling "Quite Another Thing."

W. J. POWELL, 67, Percy Street, Bedminster.
If I Had A Chance—Abolishing "Hanging About," Also.

J. E. ROBINSON, 13, Hollin Terrace, Marsh, Huddersfield.
Ruinous—"Storms" "Shrinking" Woollen Industry.

C. W. SHAW, 104, Carleton Road, N.
Cuckoo In The Nest — "Gate-crasher" Who's "Chucker-out."

E. SHELDRAKE, 75, St. Mark's Road, Salisbury, Wilts.
Get Busy, Ramsay—Or You'll "Recall Baldwin."

E. E. SPEARE, 73, Trelawney Road, Plymouth.
A Little More—Disarmament—And France Invincible.

W. J. STRIBLING, 28, Browning Road, Stoke, Devonport.
Shows He's A Foreigner—Sails In—Sells Out.

H. SUMMERS, 66, Manygates Lane, Sandal.
A Little More — "Trust," To "Corner" Peace.

W. WILLMOTT, 124, Dudley Road, Grantham.
Parliamentary Career — Words — Words — Words—"Lords."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 50 £5 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

Advance "Examples" for "Bullets" No. 759.

Clutching Hand—In His Shirt Sleeves—Silence—He Packed His Bag And—According To the Law—When I've A Cold—Regrets—Not In Love—Lucky Day—She Wouldn't Care If—With A Mighty Shove—Giving Money Away—In Anticipation—Flame Of Love—Disillusioned—Man With A Smile—Come Along, Summer—"That's Better!"—For Reasons Unknown—As Far As I Can See—Out of Business—My View—Nobody To Talk To—Roars Of Laughter—Mr. Muddler—Still Goes On—When She's Asked—Disgrace To The Family—Mainly—Can't Be Bothered—On The Spot—O For The Days When—If All Goes Well—Flourishing—Low-down Trick—A Small Matter—Looking At Britain—Blot On The Landscape—Moving With The Times—Like The Rest Of Us.

The original cheque for £350 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 753 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. J. Redmond, King Edward Parade, Newbury, S.W.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 758

HINT FOR THE GOVERNMENT
MAKING A WILL
MAGIC POWER
AT THE END
HERO OF THE HOUR
TAKING THINGS QUIETLY
IF ONLY I HAD
BLINDING US
INDIGNANT READER
SLIPPERY
GETTING HOT
COMING BETWEEN
MR. CLEVER
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM
FILLING UP FORMS
POOR
I LIKE A JOKE, BUT
IN THE MINORITY
A MASTERSTROKE
MAN WHO GETS ON
ACCORDING TO SONNY
LAST RESORT
WAITING FOR A SECOND
HARASSING
COMING TO HIS SENSES
STRONG INDUCEMENT
HE WENT TO THE RACES AND
TAXING OUR PATIENCE
WALKING
CERTAIN CURE
LEAVES US WONDERING
WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

Example _____ Closing SAT., May 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(758) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT., May 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(758) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT., May 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(758) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

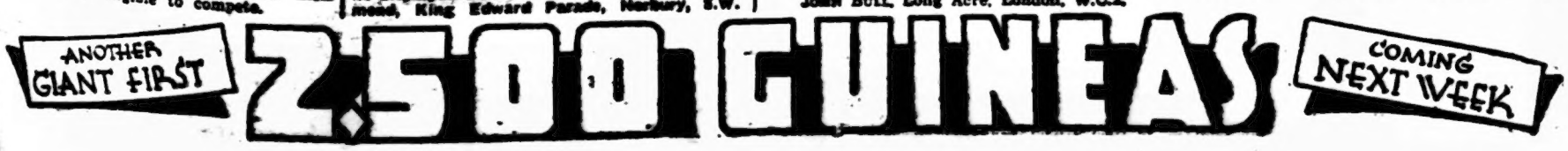
Example _____ Closing SAT., May 3.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(758) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 758, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 758 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Free weekly help awaits you in *Bullets Bulletin*. Sample copy sent to applicants who enclose half-penny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. (crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL) brings 12 weeks' issues post paid. Address:—"Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



C.A.V.

The latest safest & best

H.T. Radio Accumulators

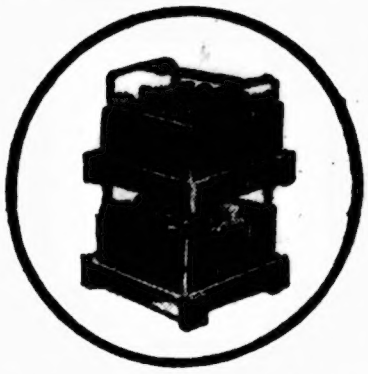
How many H.T. batteries have you discarded long before they have given their whole life, because they starve your valves and give disappointing results? The installation of C.A.V. rechargeable H.T. Accumulators will alter all that.

They are constant throughout the charge, cost little to recharge, and last for years.

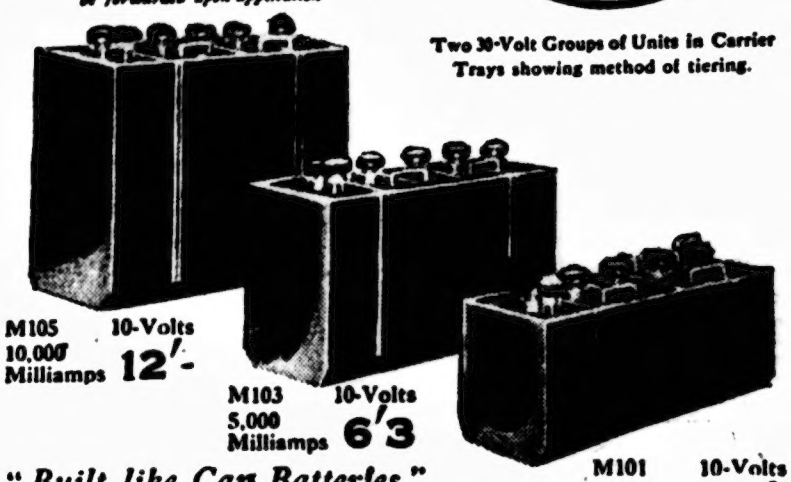
They are the safest and purest form of H.T. supply; with no fear of a dangerous shock, and they operate with a total absence of noise, hum and crackling as a background to your broadcast.

Let C.A.V. give you purer, better and cheaper radio.

Radio Battery Catalogue No. 8 will gladly be forwarded upon application



Two 30-Volt Groups of Units in Carrier Trays showing method of tiering.



M105 10-Volts 10,000 Milliamps 12/-

M103 10-Volts 5,000 Milliamps 6/3

M101 10-Volts 2,500 Milliamps 5/-

"Built like Car Batteries."

C.A. Vandervell & Co.'s ACTON, LONDON, W.3.

The acknowledged remedy for—

RHEUMATISM. GOUT. SCIATICA. LUMBAGO. NERVE PAINS. CRAMP. INFLUENZA. HEADACHES. NEURALGIA

London, N.W.1.
Dear Sir,—I have had Rheumatism on and off for over two years with most awful pains, so bad, in fact, that I dare not put my feet to the floor, having tried no end of oils, liniments and numerous other so-called "cures," and all to no avail. It is only eight weeks ago since taking the Rheumatic Tablets URACE Brand—I am only into my third box now—and I am able to take quite a long walk daily and without use of my stick.
Yours truly,—A. BARNEBY.

The Rheumatic Tablets URACE Brand are the result of much patient research and toil on the part of tireless chemists and specialists.

They know that the cause of Rheumatism and Nervous disorders was in the blood—an accumulation of Uric Acid or similar toxic poisons.

Consequently they sought a specific which would (1) dissolve these poisonous accumulations, (2) drive them from the system, and (3) prevent their reappearance.

The Rheumatic Tablets URACE Brand are the result—acclaimed as the finest specific for Rheumatic and Nervous Disorders ever placed before the Medical profession.

THE RHEUMATIC TABLETS URACE BRAND

Free

Send us 6d. to cover postage, packing, etc., and we will forward a generous TRIAL BOX of The Rheumatic Tablets URACE Brand—sufficient for two days' treatment—and a bottle of the world-famous Rheumatic Liniment URACE Brand, which instantly kills the pain of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc., without rubbing. URACE Laboratories, Provost Street, London, N.1.

THE RHEUMATIC LINIMENT URACE BRAND

Originally prescribed for the Prince Consort, afterwards George IV. Instantly soothes and relieves the most virulent Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica and Lumbago.

1/3 & 3/6

1/3

3/6

PER BOX

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Co., Taylors' and all Chemists & Stores.
URACE Laboratories, 58, Provost Street, London, N.1.

demonstrate how well

Gibbs Dentifrice

preserves teeth

Even among healthy outdoor people, the regular users of Gibbs Dentifrice stand out. Sparkling teeth glisten where cheery smiles indicate robust health.

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£550 awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 58.

In Crossword Competition No. 58 solutions containing one error each were received from the [illegible] competitors, to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £125 will be [illegible]

J. Gibson, 22, Waverley Drive, Wishaw, N.B.
E. Howard, 72, Chapel Street, New Mills, Nr. Stockport.
F. M. Timberlake, 121, Lansdowne Road, Cardiff.
J. Stallard, 11, Emmet Street, N.C. Road, Dublin.

Solutions containing two errors were received from the following 21 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £2 7s. 8d.:—

Berry, B. H., Royal Cottage, Snape, Nr. Saxmundham.
Britt, W. H., 11, The Avenue, Cirencester, Glos.
Cameron, W., 37, Eastside, Kirkintilloch.
Clare, F., 38, The Gore, Boothstown, Nr. Manchester.
Coolledge, E. G., 5, Grange Rd., Grays, Essex.
Dickeson, H., 17, Cranswick Rd., Sth. Bermondsey, S.E.16.
Ellison, Mrs. A., 336, Edenfield Rd., Rochdale, Lancs.
Gerrard, A., 6, Landseer Rd., Bush Hill Park, Enfield.
Herbert, J., Waverley, Commonwealth Rd., Tottenham, N.17.
Higson, J., 10, Greendale Rd., Bebington, Birkenhead.
Hill, F. W., 13, New Rd., Kendal, Westmorland.
King, Miss M., 26, Alpha St., Darwen, Lancs.
Lenton, F., 77, Warwick St., Leamington, Norfolk.
Lincoln, A. R., Wolferton, King's Lynn, Norfolk.
Miles, W. C., 106, Green Rd., Winton, Bournemouth.
Pitman, A. R., 56, Martlett House, Bow St., W.C.2.
Price, Mrs. T. B., 21, Merchland Rd., New Eltham, S.E.9.
Rabjohns, W. H., 44, Wellington Rd., Maidenhead, Berks.
Robinson, J., c.o. J. Cook, Orchard House, High St., Ilkeston, Derby.
Singleton, H., 8, Barker's Bridge, Ilkeston, Derby.
Woolhouse, W., 98, Shay Lane, Ovenden, Halifax.

Another £550 X-Word appears on Page 32. Try Your Skill Now!

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